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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

CONTAINS

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Sixteen other Articles and Stories and 121 Illustrations

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"COURAGE, DEAREST; ONLY A FEW FEET MORE, AND THOU HAST WON THE TOP AND ME."

See p. 10.

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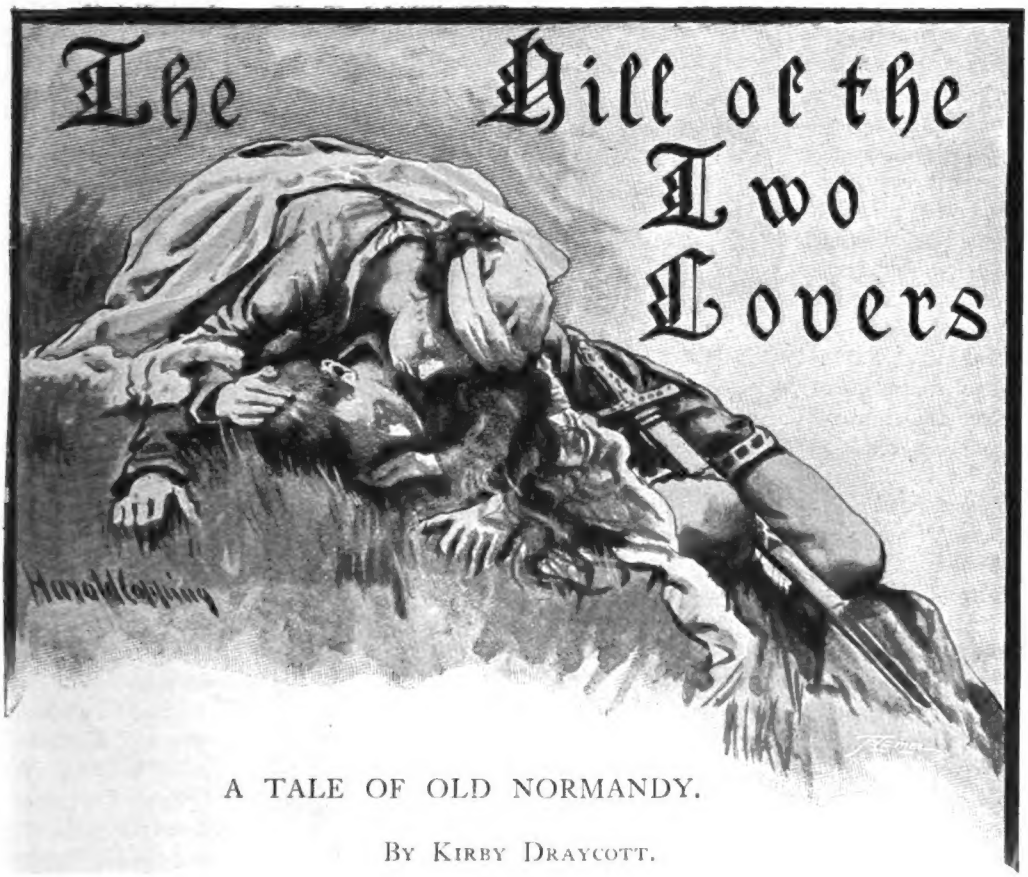

A TALE OF OLD NORMANDY.

By Kirby Draycott.

As you leave the ancient and stately city of Rouen in the direction of Paris, you cross the Seine and run along the river course for some miles, having on your right all that is left of that famous forest of Rouvrai, where, in the old heroic days, the great Duke Rollo, wishing to see whether his people had really laid to heart the laws which he had made for their well-being, hung up his golden chain and bracelets on the trees, and, coming back three years afterward, found them still where he had put them.

After this you pass by two pretty little Norman villages, stopping at each after the leisurely fashion of French local trains, and then for a third time you stop at the end of a long white stone bridge of seven arches. We will alight here, if it please you, and cross the bridge to the quaint little old-world town which lies at the other end of it, nestling snugly under a little semicircle of well-wooded hills. This is Pont-de-l'Arche, and if we climb one of the hills behind it we shall look upon as goodly a scene of hill and dale, grassland and woodland, and broad meadows spreading out on each bank of the curving river, as you could find anywhere in all the fair land of Normandy.

Looking up the river, we can see, about four miles away, just where the Andelle flows into the Seine, a conical hill whose grass-covered sides rise very steeply from the triangular plane between the two rivers.

This, the landspeople will tell you, is called "La Côte des deux Amants," or Hill of the Two Lovers, and what follows here is the true story of how it came to bear a name which tradition has preserved to our own days from those of the Dukes of Normandy.

On the top of the hill, a little back from its brow, there are traces of the ruins of a

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small building. Farther back still, half a mile or so across the plateau which runs back for some considerable distance, are other widerspread ruins, which are all that is left of the once haughty stronghold of Raoul de Vauray, who, a good many years after the time of our story, died for his sins on the field of Senlac instead of winning the lands of some Saxon lord in England.

A SOLITARY HORSEMAN RODE THROUGH A LITTLE BELT OF WOODLAND.

One soft moonlit summer's night, a little more than nine hundred years ago, a solitary horseman rode across the narrow bridge over the Andelle, and took a path leading through a little belt of woodland which fringed the base of the hill. He rode very slowly along this for about a couple of furlongs, looking about him from side to side as though he expected some one, and toward the end of the second furlong the figure of a man stepped silently out of the wood, and stood in the middle of the path.

"Is't thou, Pierre?" whispered the rider, bending down over his saddle-bow.

"It is, lord, at thy service," came the reply in an equally low tone of caution. "Will it please you to dismount here? It would not be prudent to go farther on horseback, and even on foot my lord must tread softly and go carefully."

The knight had dismounted meanwhile, and, as he stood beside his horse, it was easy to see, even in the half-darkness of the moonlit wood, that he was as tall and strong and shapely a youth as ever a fair lady waited for in a secret tryst. There was nothing in his costume to denote his rank. He was dressed merely as a simple gentleman of the time, and his only arms were a light single-handed sword at his hip and a dagger at his girdle.

Yet the man who had taken the bridle of his horse had not addressed him as "Lord" without reason, for this was Norrys de Breval, Count of Rouvrai, who but two years before had come by his father's death into the inheritance of as broad and fair a domain as any in Norman France. Why, then, should he be approaching the Castle of Vauray in this fashion, like an outlawed bandit or a thief in the night—he as noble a knight and as honorable a gentleman as any who had honestly won favor at the court of Duke Robert, surnamed the Devil?

If there had been no good reason for this, the Hill of the Two Lovers would have remained nameless and undistinguished, and would never have played its part as one of the scenes in that long drama, now comedy and now tragedy, which began when Adam first looked with love on Eve, and will not end until the last kiss of the last man has grown cold on the lips of the last woman.

"Where is it, Pierre?" whispered the knight, as he stroked his horse's nose by

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way of bidding him good-by for the present.

"My brother guards the postern gate under the eastern bastion to-night," was the whispered reply. "When the moon makes a straight shadow across the angle, our Lady Arline will come with Mistress Elise to the garden between the inner and outer walls. If my lord knocks thrice on the gate at that time my brother will admit him, and be his guide."

"And his lordship of Vauray?"

"My lord is at present in Rouen," was the reply. "He is there on business concerning the new taxes which the Duke has ordered, and he is the guest of the Worshipful Sieur Joseph Pommeraye, bailiff of the city."

"Who has a son whom he would marry to the daughter of a noble line!" murmured the young knight with a low, scornful laugh. "Well, we shall see. And now, Pierre, we have gossiped long enough. Take this for thy kindness to me, and thy faithfulness to thy mistress, and when she is Lady of Rouvrai thou shalt never need to carry weapon or do another hand's turn of work all thy life, unless for thy pleasure."

"And that will be to serve my lord," said Pierre, bowing over the hand which held the clinking purse that de Rouvrai had given him.

The knight waved his hand and disappeared into the shadows of the wood. Quickly, and yet cautiously, he made his way out of the wood and up the zigzag path which led round the spur of the hill to the rear of the castle. He kept as far as possible in the shadows and crossed the moonlit portions of the path at a run, and so at length he reached the plateau on which the castle stood without being seen from the walls. Then, more cautiously than ever, he made his way toward the eastern bastion and got into the angle, at the bottom of which was the little postern gate which was just then to him the entrance to a forbidden paradise.

He crept under the wall and leant against it in the deepest part of the shade, watching the line of shadow cast by the now bright moonlight from the end wall of the bastion across the angle between it and the next point of the fortifications. It moved very, very slowly, for, as all the world knows, time flies on leaden wings when a lover is waiting. But at last it stretched out fairly across the angle, making a straight line between the two outer points. Then he crept swiftly along the walls toward the gate, drew his dagger, and knocked thrice on the thickly studded oaken door with the hilt, his heart echoing the knocks as he gave them. He heard a stealthy shuffle of footsteps on the other side, and then a half-smothered voice asking:

HE DREW HIS DAGGER AND KNOCKED THRICE AT THE OAKEN DOOR WITH THE HILT.

"Is it my Lord of Rouvrai who knocks?"

"It is, good Jacot. Open quickly, I pray thee, for I would not be seen here from the walls."

A key turned gently in the well-oiled lock, two well-greased bolts slipped back almost noiselessly, the gate half-

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opened, and Norrys de Rouvrai slipped through. He heard the gate close behind him, and while he was waiting for Jacot to come and guide him through the pleasance, or garden, which lay between the inner and outer walls, he was startled by the quick tread of armed feet and the rattle of weapons. Instinctively he clapped his hand to the hilt of his sword, and turned sharply, to find himself confronted by a tall, burly form, behind which were half a dozen others which a glance showed him were men-at-arms.

"My Lord of Rouvrai is welcome," laughed a gruff voice, which he recognized as that of André Gaillon, the warden of the castle. "He was expected, and so my lord, who is presently absent at Rouen, left orders with me to take a guard of honor and receive him in a fashion suitable to his rank, if not to the manner of his coming, and to offer him the hospitality of the castle until his return."

Before the warden had begun to speak the young knight saw that he had been betrayed, and that there was no hope of escape, so he replied with a quiet laugh:

"Well, well, Master Gaillon, since your invitation is so politely pressing, I can but accept it with as good a grace as it is given. Doubtless you have an apartment prepared for me. Lead on, sir, I follow."

II.

For five days Norrys de Breval was lodged in all comfort and treated with all courtesy in a set of apartments in the northern wing of the castle, and yet he could not disguise from himself the fact that he was in reality a prisoner. He was waited on as he would have been in his own castle, and nothing either of meat or drink that he asked for was denied to him. But he was not permitted to pass beyond his apartments, except on to an isolated portion of the battlements reserved for his daily exercise. He could learn nothing of the doings of the other inhabitants of the castle. The only time that he had mentioned the name of his lady-love, the warden, to whom he had addressed the question, had said curtly:

"My lady is not in the castle, and if she were here, it would be as though she were not here. Doubtless my lord will give you tidings when he comes."

And after that he had not spoken her name again.

The days and nights passed slowly enough for him. He knew that some one must have betrayed him. Whether Pierre or Jacot, he did not know, though he could hardly suspect Pierre, since Arline herself had commended him to his confidence. He felt, too, that there must be something very like falsehood in the warden's words —possibly that sort of half-truth that is worse than a lie; but however all this might be, there was nothing for it but to wait until time had cleared up the mystery.

At length, when the afternoon of the fifth day was waning, the warden came to him with a message to say that his lord had returned and awaited his presence in the audience hall. Whatever the summons might mean, it was welcome as ending his suspense, so he rose from his seat and said:

"Master Warden, those are the best tidings you have brought me yet, and as I have not the wherewithal to make any suitable change in my dress I can follow you at once."

The Lord of Vauray was sitting at a table which ran across the top of the hall, with a tall flagon of wine beside him. He was a big, red-haired, red-faced, red-bearded man inclined to corpulency, and his dark-blue eyes, deep set under his shaggy red brows, gave a strange expression of fierceness to his countenance. Near him to his right sat a stout, sleek, well-clothed man in fur-trimmed robes, and with a chain of gold about his neck.

This was the Sieur Pommeraye, bailiff of Rouen—a rank which in those days was of great dignity and consideration—and next to him was a tall, handsome youth, but somewhat effeminate-looking, chiefly in consequence of the over-richness of his dress and ornaments.

The Lord of Rouvrai at once recog-

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nized him as Gaston, the bailiff's son, who had had the presumption to stand against himself as a suitor for the hand of the Lady Arline. Both had flagons of wine before them, and on the other side of the table was an empty chair and a fourth silver flagon.

As de Breval approached the table, the three half-rose in their seats, and the Lord of the Vaudreuil said with a motion of his hand toward the vacant chair:

"We must ask your pardon for such a tardy welcome, my Lord of Rouvrai. My only excuse is, that when guests arrive unexpectedly, they have small cause for offence if they do not find their host at home. Will you take trouble to be seated and do us the favor to join us in a flagon of wine?"

"My lord," said de Breval, ignoring the invitation to be seated, "to be quite truthful with you, I came because I knew you were not at home. From what has happened it is plain you knew I was not altogether unexpected. Doubtless you also know that I came to seek that speech with your daughter, the Lady Arline, which you have so unreasonably and so unjustly denied me. If I have entered your castle more like a bandit than an honest gentleman, that is not my fault, but yours. I made no secret of my love, for it was only what a good knight might be proud of. You answered my suit with scorn, you turned me from your doors as though I had been a landless man and a beggar, instead of a knight whose blood is as pure and whose name is as honorable as your own, and this, too, you did, well knowing the answer the Lady Arline had already given me."

As he said this, he looked proudly and scornfully at the bailiff's son, with a note in his voice and a gleam in his eye which, between two gentlemen, would have meant the settlement of the question by the sword. Gaston returned the look as well as he could, and his father turned to the Lord of the Vaudreuil and murmured something to which his host lent a ready ear. Then de Vauray went on, speaking to his involuntary guest:

"And do you, my lord, know so little of the laws and customs of this land as to forget that the consent of a disobedient child is no better than a refusal? You know well that not even the Duke himself could compel me to add my consent

THE LORD OF VAURAY WAS SEATED AT A TABLE, A MAN IN FUR-TRIMMED ROBES BY HIS SIDE.

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to hers, and that without mine hers is less than nothing. And that consent being withheld, you bribe my servants, you steal into my castle, as you truly say, like a thief in the night, no doubt with intent to steal its dearest treasure. But come, my lord," he added, with a sudden change of tone, "will you not be seated and join us in a cup of wine?"

"I will join *you*, my lord, with pleasure," said de Breval, "but I do not drink with tradesmen, and, therefore, in your lordship's present company I must beg you to hold me excused."

The Sieur Pommeraye had risen to his present office from being a trader and a usurer in a small way, and had got his advantage as much by bribery and cunning money-lending as by natural abilities. His son would have been very glad to forget all this, and so the stroke went all the harder home. Gaston sprang to his feet as though he would try to avenge the insult by force, but his father took him by his long, hanging sleeves and drew him back in his chair, murmuring:

"Tut, tut, lad! Wait, wait; we shall have a better answer to him later on."

"Well, well, we will not make any bones about that," replied de Vauray with a laugh that his two guests did not altogether like, "and since you would rather take my answer standing than sitting, and dry than drinking, there is no reason why you should not do so."

"And at the same time," interrupted de Breval somewhat angrily, "your lordship may also explain by what right you have kept me, a noble of Normandy and a loyal vassal of our lord the Duke, a prisoner here for these five days past."

"Young sir," replied the Lord of the Vaudreuil, speaking for the first time with anger in his voice, "noble though you be, I am ready to answer to the Duke or to any one else for the safe-keeping of one who entered another man's house as you entered mine. And now to the explanation you ask. You are here for two reasons, the lesser of which is that you are an insolent who has defied my lawful authority over my daughter and my ward, and wooed and, perhaps, in lover's language, won her after I had told you that I would have none of you as a husband for her. To this offence you have now added a transgression of the law and entered my house by stealth. For this alone I could hale you before the Duke and take a heavy judgment on you according to his justice. But there is another reason why I should prefer to take my own judgment on you."

"I deny your right!" exclaimed de Breval, taking a step forward. "My lord, you forget that I am your peer. While I wear belt and spurs you cannot judge me."

"But if I may be allowed to speak," the bailiff interposed here, in his soft, smooth voice, "it was not a knight belted and spurred, not the Lord of Rouvrai, who entered the castle five nights ago. It was but a nameless man, an interloper, who, by bribing the warden of the gate to give him entrance without his lord's permission —nay, against his commands—by that act placed himself under the judgment of the lord of the castle. So far as I know it, that is the law of the land."

"Well said, Sieur Pommeraye!" laughed the Lord of Vaudreuil. "And now, young sir, having heard the law you may listen to me for a little space longer."

De Breval bowed his head in scornful silence, and de Vauray went on:

"And now, speaking as to one who has put himself beyond the law, I will tell you the second reason why you are here."

"And that is?"

"Because you are a son of your father and mother," replied de Vaudreuil with a savage snarl in his voice, "and more especially because you are the son of your mother. It is well said that there is no hate so deep as that which springs from love, and it was I who first loved her who is still mourning her lord in the Castle of Rouvrai. But for your father she would have been my wife and the mother of my children. In life he avoided my vengeance, and now death has put him beyond it. But she who long years ago blasted the first hope of my life still lives, and through you, her only son, lies my shortest and

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surest road to the just payment of my debt. Having trapped you here, my first thought was to hang you like a felon from one of the turrets, so that the shame of your death might go over all the land; but I have consulted since with my good friend the Sieur Pommeraye here, and out of the mercy and justice of his nature he has found a more generous way of dealing with you. I have taken his advice, and this is the choice I put before you.

"You are renowned throughout the countryside for your strength of body. You call yourself the strongest man between here and the sea. You have also in speech with me boasted of the extent of your lands and your wealth inherited from him who robbed me of my dearest treasure. You have said that no other man, gentle or simple, in the Duchy could support my daughter in better state than you. Well, now at sunrise to-morrow we will see how far you can sustain this boast, and that, my lord, is all that I have to say to you at present."

The Lord of the Vaudreuil made a motion with his hand, a couple of men-at-arms strode forward from the door, and de Breval, wondering greatly at what these strange words might mean, and yet not deigning to ask for an explanation, turned his back on the table and left the hall between them.

III.

De Breval slept little that night, being tormented with many thoughts and doubts as to what was to happen, and whether he would ever win his way alive out of his present quandary, and so he was quite ready to rise when the warden came to wake him about daybreak. While he was dressing, a flagon of wine and some bread and meat were brought him, and he ate and drank heartily. Then the warden asked him to follow, and, no little to his surprise, he was led out of the castle gate and down the hillside, until at length he found himself standing on the level ground at the bottom of that steep ascent which rises nearly a thousand feet above the river beds.

He asked in vain what he had been brought there for, but the only answer that he got was from the warden, and that was:

"If my lord will wait, he will see."

Then presently there came round the other side of the hill the Lord of the Vaudreuil with the Sieur Pommeraye and his son, and following them was a litter borne by four men-at-arms.

"Welcome, my lord," said de Vauray, bowing like the others in mock politeness. "Certain accidents have so far prevented you meeting with the lady whom you came to the castle to see. The delay is to be regretted, but it is now at an end."

While he was speaking, the men had put the litter down. He went to it, drew back the hangings, and the next moment de Breval saw him leading the Lady Arline toward him. What passed between the two lovers, even at a distance of several feet, was not a pleasant sight for the bailiff's son, for it was impossible to look upon them and not see that they rejoiced in the sight of each other.

De Breval sprang forward with arms outstretched, but her father strode in front of her and said:

"Not so fast, my lord. My daughter and the heiress of the Vaudreuil is not won as lightly as you would think. You have boasted of your strength, and how well you can support her. Let us see now how you can do it. Take her in your arms, carry her to the top of that hill without pausing or resting, and she and all else that I shall leave when I die are yours. Stop, if only for a moment, and I will hang you from the highest turret of the castle as a felon who enters into another man's house by stealth. Come, take your choice. Here is Arline, yonder is the hill, and beyond the turret."

"Do not try, Norrys!" cried Arline, with a terrified look at the steep hillside. "You are brave and strong, but that is impossible for any man to do. Father, you shall let him go free, or by all the saints I shall slay myself."

"He must choose," said de Vauray coldly, and with an ugly smile on his lips.

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"One of two ways he must go—up the hill with you, or to the turret with the warden."

"There is no choice," cried de Breval, "save one which a true knight could take. Come, my sweet one, and may the saints give me strength!"

Brushing past de Vauray, he clasped the slight, graceful form of his love in his arms, raised her from the ground, and then, as her arms folded lovingly about his neck, he turned, and before all of them, kissed her full on the lips; and Gaston Pommeraye ground his teeth in sullen anger, for he was standing near, and saw that the kiss was returned as warmly as it was given.

Then de Breval turned again, and set himself to such a task as man had never faced before.

"Thou art light as a feather, sweet one!" he whispered in his dear burden's ear.

"I would that I were lighter, for thy sake, dearest," she murmured in reply. "And now, save thy breath, for thou wilt want it."

Those below watched him with eager, curious eyes as he climbed up foot after foot, slowly and steadily, and yet never resting, toward the summit which he dare not look at. Half the way he went with seemingly little effort, and then Gaston said:

"Ah, he slackens. He will not climb much farther."

"By the saints, young sir, you would have fallen dead yourself ere you had got so far on such a journey," snapped de Vauray somewhat angrily, for, like all his race, he held courage and strength the highest of all the virtues, and he already half repented him of what he had done.

Another quarter of the upward way was won, and they could see Arline holding her lover's hair back from his forehead with one hand, and with her kerchief in the other wiping the sweat from his face. No doubt, too, she was whispering sweet words of encouragement in his ear, and this thought made her father's rebuke none the less bitter to Gaston.

"By the saints, he will do it!" roared de Vauray, when they seemed to him to be within but a few yards of the top. Then he put his hands to his mouth and shouted up the hillside:

"Stop, de Breval, stop! Put her down ere thy heart breaks. By the Mass, thou art thy mother's son, and thou shalt have her."

But there was a wind blowing across the side of the mountain, and, moreover, the blood was roaring and singing so in de Breval's brain that he could hear nothing but that. Yet somehow he did hear a soft voice whisper in his ear:

"Courage, dearest; only a few feet more, and thou hast won the top and me."

He raised his head and dimly saw, a dozen feet above him, the straight edge which marked the top of the hill. His steps were slow and stumbling now, his brain was swimming, and his eyes were dim, but all the life left in him was still devoted to the fulfilment of his task. Inch by inch and foot by foot they rose, and at last Arline, looking over the ridge, saw the castle clear before her.

"At last, thank God, and all His holy saints! The top, dear love, the top. Quick, put me down! Surely thou hast borne me far enough. Alas, how heavy a love-burden have I been!"

He stopped with both feet on the ridge, and murmured something which sounded to her ears like "Dear love!" Then she felt herself flung forward to the ground out of his arms, and when she rose, half dazed, to her feet, she saw him lying prone, face downward on the grass, with a thick stream of blood trickling from between his lips. With a low, choking scream she flung herself upon him and kissed him, unheeding the blood; then she raised one of his arms, but it was heavy and lifeless, and when she let it go it dropped back on to the ground and lay there nerveless and still.

"By the Holy Virgin, they have killed thee, my gallant love!" she cried, springing to her feet in a frenzy of sorrow. "But what maiden having been blessed by love like thine would give herself to

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another? I am my father's daughter, but I am not base enough for that."

So saying, she stooped and snatched her lover's dagger from its sheath. Her father was already more than half-way up the hill, supported on both sides by a stalwart man-at-arms and thrust up from behind by another. She stood motionless with the dagger behind her till he gained the summit. Then with her left hand she pointed to de Breval's body, and said in a voice of horrid calmness:

"See, my father, how gallant a man thou hast sent to death for love of me. Now what can I, who love him still, do but this?"

The Lord of the Vaudreuil, breathless already, stumbled forward, shouting incoherent words to the men-at-arms, but before any of them reached her, her right hand went up above her head and fell with a swift, true stroke, the dagger blade sank deep into her heart, and without a cry she fell prone across her lover's body.

Her father stared at her in dazed silence for a full minute, or perhaps two. Then, with a low, savage cry, such as a sorely wounded wild beast might utter, he turned to the three men-at-arms, and as soon as he could shape coherent words he shouted:

"By the Holy Rood, those who put this evil into my mind shall pay for it, even though it bring the army of the Duke under the castle walls. Two of you go down and fetch that fat shopkeeper and his son up here. You, Rolf, go to the castle and bid the carpenter set about making two gibbets instantly."

Then the men departed with all haste, for when the Lord of the Vaudreuil was in such a mood as this it was not safe to dally in the execution of his commands.

WITHOUT A CRY SHE FELL PRONE ACROSS HER LOVER'S BODY.

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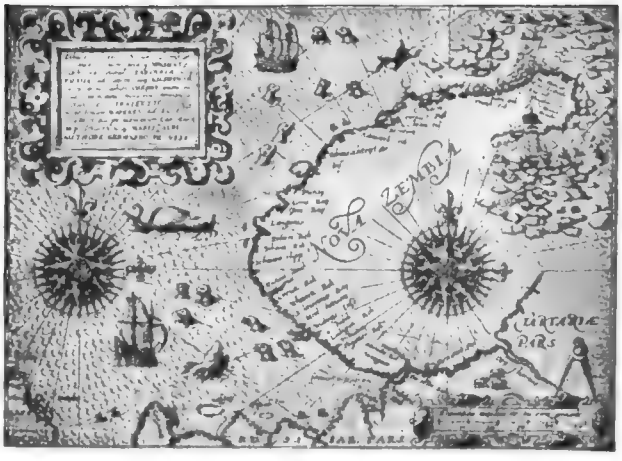

The compiler of this map was Gerrit de Veer, the writer of the account of Barentsz's voyage, who accompanied Barentsz on his second and third voyages.

THE FIRST TRUE POLAR VOYAGE.

By Caley Wainwright.

The illustrations of this article are reproductions of engravings in a collection of voyages of which the editors and engravers were the famous Brothers de Bry. They abridged the work, which was published by Matthew Becker, Frankfort-on-Main, in 1599.

Whatever have been the triumphs of Anglo-Saxon pluck and endurance in penetrating the Polar regions, it is left to the Dutch to claim the honor of the first true Polar expedition embracing a winter in the Arctic regions. No mere desire to discover the North Pole or solve any scientific problem prompted the adventurous voyagers. It was undertaken for no other reason than a wish to reach China and Cathay by the shorter (in miles) route of the Northeast Passage, and to that end dangers and perils, all the greater for being unknown, were faced with unfaltering courage.

One Balthazar Moucheron, of Zealand, was head of the society which undertook this enterprise. He received permission from the States-General and Prince Maurice, and four vessels were accordingly equipped, which set sail in 1594, to pass by Norway, Muscovy, and Tartary to China. A skilled mariner of Schelling, William Barentsz by name, was in command, and, under his guidance, the miniature fleet in due course reached Kilduin in Moscow.

During the first voyage made by Barentsz a "fierce and ravenous beare" gripped one of the men by the top of his head whilst he was searching for diamonds (rock crystals). The animal killed a second man also, but was eventually slain.

The result of this voyage was practically *nil*. Nova Zembla was certainly reached, but having turned back, the expedition once again arrived at Amsterdam.

Although this first attempt had proved a failure, so far, at any rate, as concerned the

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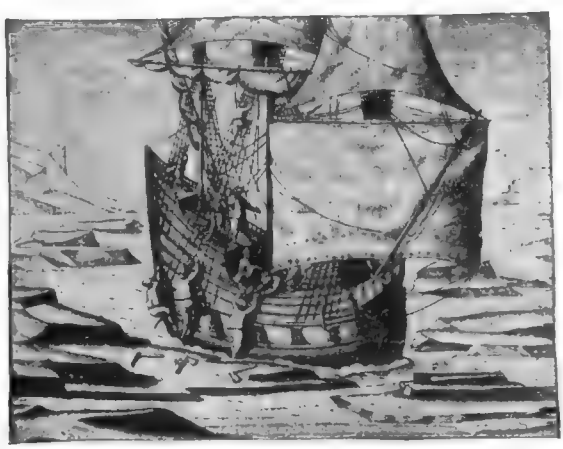
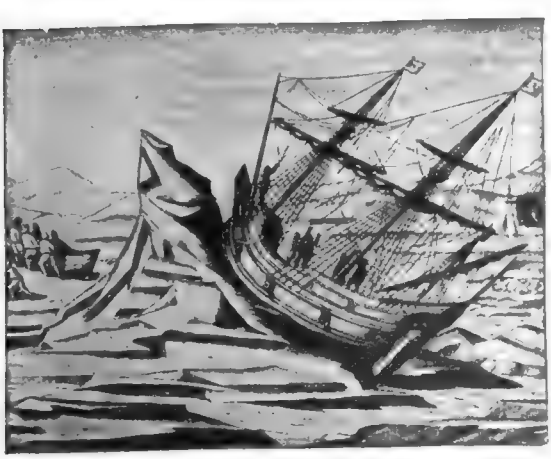
At the outset of the third voyage, on June 9, 1596, the Aurora Borealis was first seen as here depicted.

voyage north of Nova Zembla, neither the States-General nor the Prince of Orange had abandoned hope for the accomplishment of their great object. Accordingly another expedition of vessels was fitted out, once more under the command of William Barentsz, with one James Heemskirke as steward. Accompanying the party was one Gerrit de Veer, to whom we are indebted for the account of this and the subsequent voyage. This second expedition was even less productive of result than the first, and on the 18th of November the fleet again entered the Meuse.

One adventure of which we give an illustration is quaintly recounted by the chronicler of these voyages. He tells us: "The 6th of September some of our men went on shore upon the firme land to seeke for stones, which are a kinde of diamont" (in reality rock crystal), "whereof there are many also in the States Island, and while they were seeking ye stones, two of our men lying together in one place, a great leane white beare came sodainly stealing out and caught one of them fast by the neck, who not knowing what it was that tooke him by the necke, cried out and said, 'Who is that that pulles me so by the neck?' Wherewith the other, that lay not farre from him, lifted up his head to see who it was, and perceiving it to be a monsterous beare, cryed and sayd, 'Oh, mate, it is a beare!' and therewith presently rose and ran away."



Whilst nearing Nova Zembla Barentsz's ship was caught in a driving pack, and, suddenly freeing herself, nearly drowned three men.



On August 27th the ship, held fast in the ice, whence she never escaped, was tilted to a most dangerous angle. Eventually she was righted.

Some thirty of the unfortunate man's companions attempted a rescue, but the bear laying hold of one tore him into pieces. The rest ran away, and awaited reënforcements from the ship. These presently arrived "to relieve our men," as the chronicler continues, "when being on land, we beheld the cruell spectacle of two dead men that had become

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so cruelly killed, and torne in pieces by the beare. Wee seeing that incouraged our men to goe back againe with us, and with pieces, with axes, and half-pikes, to set upon the beare; but they would not all agree thereunto, some of them saying, 'Our men are already dead, and we shall get the beare well enough, though we oppose ourselves not into so much danger; if wee might save our fellowes' lives then we would make haste, but now wee neede not make such speede, but take her at an advantage, with most security for ourselves, for wee have to doe with a cruell, fierce, and ravenous beast.'" It is satisfactory to know that the result of the combat was the slaughter of the "ravenous beast."

The approach of winter induced the voyagers to build a hut on shore, for they doubted the ship's ability to withstand the ice-pressure.

The interior of the hut. The barrel is a vapor bath. The remains of this hut were actually discovered in 1876, and a letter written by Barentsz was found in a powder horn.

On the 10th of May the adventurous little expedition set forth. Sailing in a northerly and northeasterly direction, the adventurers on June 4th saw, apparently for the first time, the marvels of the Aurora Borealis, a picture of which, as drawn by the old chronicler's artist, we reproduce. In the same picture is represented a view of a terrific combat with a bear, which resulted in its death without any serious mishap to the hunters.

Meanwhile the ships had entered the ice regions, and on July 1st Cornelison and Barentsz parted company, the former steering north, while Barentsz pursued a southerly

In 1596 William Barentsz commenced his third voyage. Neither the States-General nor the Prince of Orange would lend countenance to this undertaking, and to the city of Amsterdam belongs the entire credit. Two vessels were fitted out, of one of which William Barentsz was chief pilot, and in reality commander-in-chief, with James Heemskirke as factor for the merchandise, while Cornelison Rijp was in charge of the other ship.

This picture shows the exterior of the hut, and also a number of traps for catching animals. The men are skinning a bear, which yielded 100 lbs. of fat, of infinite value for their lamps.

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With the approach of summer came the desire to return to Holland. The vessel being fast in the ice, it was decided to attempt the journey in open boats, the gunwales of which were accordingly raised.

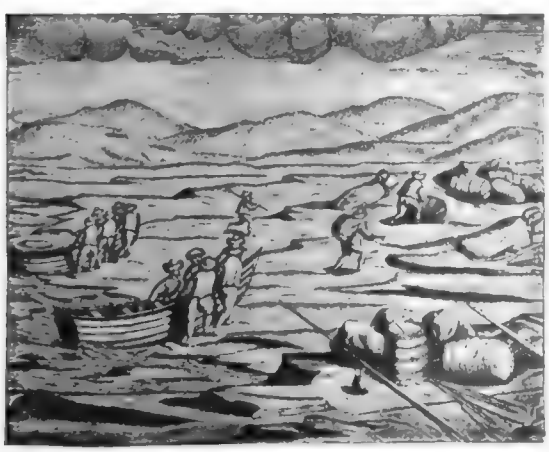
lay at a dangerous angle with her bows in the air. However, the ice was gradually cleared, and the ship brought to a more satisfactory position. With crowbars and axes the crew endeavored to entirely clear the ice, which threatened to crush the vessel, but all to no purpose. With irresistible force it closed round, "so that all the whole ship was borne up and squeezed, whereby all that was both about and in it began to crack, so that it seemed to burst in a hundred pieces, which was most fearful both to see and heare, and made all ye hair of our heads to rise upright with feare."

direction, and it is with him our narrative is concerned.

Fierce gales assailed the frail little ship, and frequently she was in imminent risk of being crushed by the ice. On one occasion, as the men were laboring to free the ship, the ice broke away, and three of the crew only just saved their lives by leaping into the chains and shrouds and being hauled aboard.

After rounding the northernmost corner of Nova Zembla, the ice, in a bay called "Ice Haven," closed on the vessel, and gradually she was forced out of the water. At first she

On June 13, 1597, after spending ten months in the hut, the two little boats were launched and the journey commenced.



More than once they had to haul the boats on to the ice. The two sick men are Barentsz himself and a young relation of his, both of whom died on this ice floe.

It speaks volumes for the workmanship of that old-time craft that she should so stoutly have resisted the terrific strain put upon her. Time after time the little band of men scrambled off her, thinking her end had come, and with dogged perseverance they would return. They restored the broken rudder and calked the timbers, and meanwhile prayed for a release—a release that never came. Gradually they realized the unlikelihood of the ship freeing herself, and, with indomitable pluck, they commenced to build a hut out of the driftwood they collected.

By November 4th the sun had dis-

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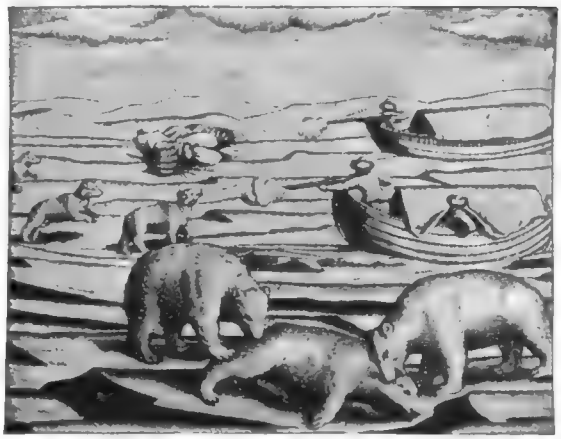
appeared, the long winter night had commenced, and the men set to work to make themselves comfortable in their hut. A fire was kept burning, bunks were built, and the surgeon rigged up a vapor bath, made out of a wine cask, which proved a valuable means of preserving the health of the party.

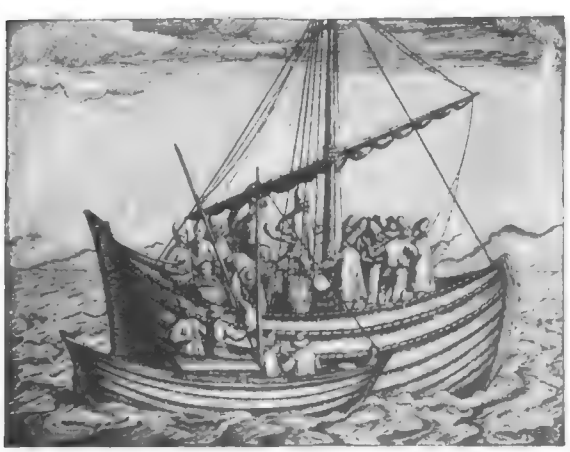
The crazy dwelling, however, was quite unable to ward off the bitterness of the Arctic cold. All manner of means of promoting warmth were devised, but to little purpose. Great fires of wood were made, hot stones and balls were laid by the men on their bodies, yet, notwithstanding this, the bunks or "cabins" were every day frozen white, while, in fact, "it was so extreame cold, that the fire almost cast no heate; for as we put our feet to the fire we burnt our hose before we could feele the heate, so that we had work inough to do to patch our hose."



Frequently the expedition was attacked by bears, and escaped with difficulty.

Toward the end of May, daylight having returned, preparations were made to abandon the ship, still firmly fixed in the ice, and to journey in small open boats back to civilization. To this end one frail craft was dug out of the snow, and the men set to work to heighten the gunwales, using for the purpose the planks from the roof of the house. In addition to this larger boat there was a smaller skiff, which was also strengthened and raised round the gunwale.

On the 13th June the desperate undertaking of returning in these two open boats was commenced. Prior to starting, William Barentsz, who was on the sick list, wrote a letter and placed it in a powder horn which he hung up in the chimney of the hut. In 1876 a Mr. Gardiner, in his yacht, found the ruins of the old hut, and in the powder flask he discovered this letter of Barentsz. Though much decayed, it was, with the exception of a few words, perfectly legible, and proved to be a record of the voyage entirely in accord with De Veer's account, and signed by Heemskirke and William Barentsz. For about three hundred years it had lain in those silent, inhospitable solitudes.



After incredible hardships the remnant of the expedition fell in with a Russian ship. They were kindly treated and their stock of provisions replenished, enabling them to continue their voyage.

Leaving Ice Haven, the two boats sailed in a northeasterly direction until stopped by ice. The ice opened, however, and fair progress was made around the northernmost extremity of Nova Zembla. Once more, however, the boats were threatened with ice that "came so fast upon us that it made our haires stand upright upon our heades." Eventually, chiefly owing, according to De Veer, to his own bravery, the boats were hauled on to the ice and were out of immediate danger. On the drifting pack these men mended and patched their

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boats, and made preparations for a fresh start. Death, however, had laid hands on the chief of their number, and stepped in to claim his own.

On June 20th, at 7.30 A.M., William Barentsz died. He had been ailing, but that morning he seemed more than usually well. He was talking to De Veer, when suddenly he grew silent, and, behold, he was dead. It was a blow sorely felt by the little party, for, as the old chronicler puts it, he was "the chief and only pilot on whom we reposed ourselves next under God."

They buried him, and then once more the two open boats sailed southward. Time and time again they had to be hauled on to the ice and repaired and relaunched, while more than one of the heroic band died of want and exposure. At length, on July 28th, St. Laurence Bay, or Sconce Point, was reached, and there two Russian boats were discovered, with a number of men working on the land, and at their hands the wearied voyagers were tended and treated with every kindness.

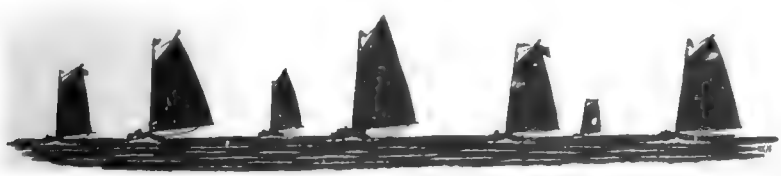
Curiously enough, these Russians, or some of them, had boarded the vessel on the second voyage, and the small kindnesses they had received at the hands of the Dutchmen had not been forgotten.

The difficulties and troubles of the adventurers were, however, not yet ended.

In company with the Russians the journey was continued, but the boats of the former were lost in the night, and once more the two shallops were adrift in unknown and unkind waters. At length, almost overcome by hunger and exposure, the Russian coast was sighted. Hugging this and occasionally sighting Russian boats, Heemskirke and his men, on September 1st, reached the inlet, or river, as De Veer terms it, of Coola or Kola. Here on the following day John Cornelison's ship was found. On October 6th the homeward voyage was commenced, and on November 1st the battered remnants of the expedition reached Amsterdam.

With wild astonishment and amazement were they greeted, for long since had they been given up for dead. And when the news of the return was brought to the Prince's Court at The Hague, nothing but an immediate sight of such travellers would satisfy his Highness. Forthwith they were fetched, and on that winter's evening three hundred and one years ago the first true Arctic explorers recounted to their ruler the wondrous adventures and fearful hardships they had undergone. What a curious scene that banqueting hall must have presented. We learn that the travellers were summoned to appear just as they were, in their battered, weather-beaten condition. He was proud of his brave fellow-countrymen, was the Prince, and he quickly set them at their ease while gleaning from them the details of their adventures and sufferings. And they told them—told them with the simplicity of brave men and with all the childish exaggeration of their superstitions.

Yet in the hour of their triumph and welcome there was the touch of a great sorrow. For the moving spirit, the great pilot, was not among them. In lonely ice-bound regions he was sleeping his last sleep, his requiem the icy northern blasts, his shroud the drifting floes of endless ice. But lost to all human knowledge though that grave may be, the name of William Barentsz is writ large on the roll of the world's intrepid explorers.



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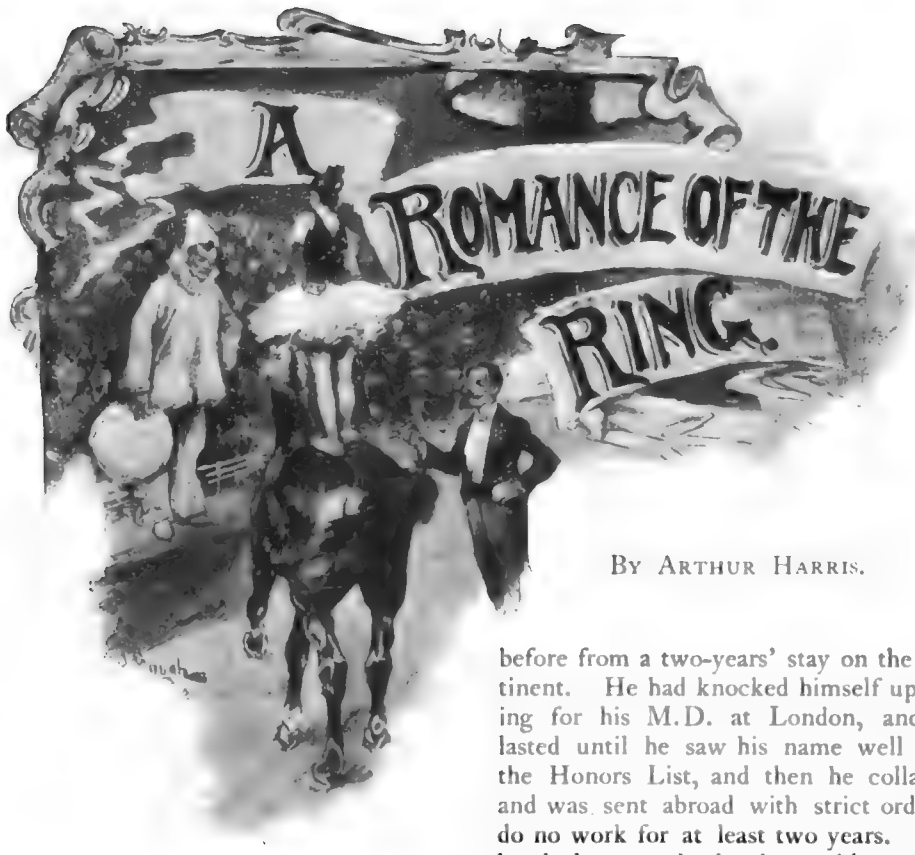

By Arthur Harris.

"Great Cæsar, isn't that Madge Distin?"

"Yes, that's Madge, right enough. Looks bonny, doesn't she? You'd never think, to look at her bowling along beside that somewhat sappy-looking golden youth that, as far as moral guilt goes, she has the blood of a good man on her soul, a man who practically killed himself for her, although he must have known that she wasn't fit to be his slave, much less his wife."

Tom Ellison and I were leaning over the rails in the park one afternoon last season when these words were spoken. It was I who had asked the first question, and the cause of it was a dusky-haired, big-eyed beauty, who had just driven past us in a smart Victoria, sitting beside a very young man who pretty closely corresponded with Tom's description of him.

Tom had just come back a day or two before from a two-years' stay on the Continent. He had knocked himself up reading for his M.D. at London, and just lasted until he saw his name well up in the Honors List, and then he collapsed, and was sent abroad with strict orders to do no work for at least two years. Now he had come back thoroughly set up, strong and brown, and ready to fulfil the promise of his academic career.

It seemed rather curious that on our first day together we should have seen the woman we had both gone half mad over two and a half years before, and who would certainly have caused a breach in our almost lifelong friendship had it not been that she was so manifestly indifferent to both of us that it was impossible for us to quarrel about her.

Tom's strong language, strongly spoken, and with a fierce glint in his eyes that told of some tragedy which he would have no objection to avenge should the opportunity come, naturally roused my curiosity. It was spoken of a woman for whose sake I had once been perfectly prepared to make an utter fool of myself if she had allowed me, but who the man referred to was I had not the most remote idea, so I said:

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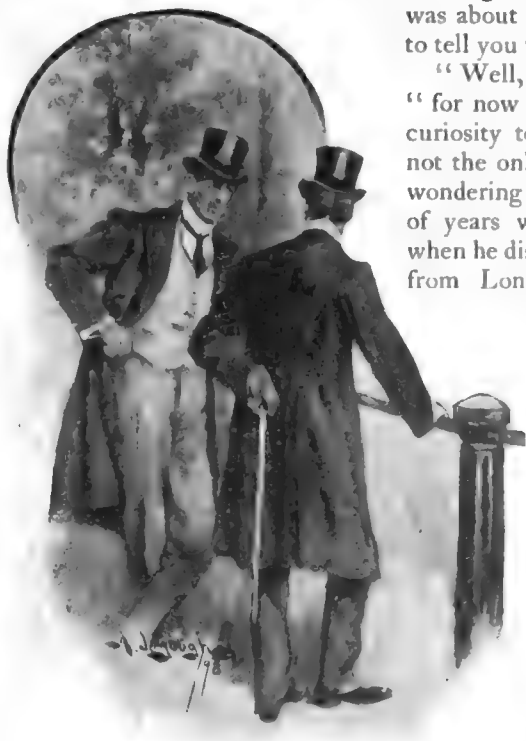
"That's pretty strong language, old man. What has Madge been doing that one of her old sweethearts should talk so tragically about her?"

I spoke in a half-bantering tone, for, after all, I didn't know how much of the accusation implied might have been due to disgust at the complete failure of his own suit. But as Tom answered me his face darkened, and his brows came together with a frown which told me even more plainly than his words that something which was no joking matter lay behind.

"Madge has been doing just about everything that a beautiful and absolutely unscrupulous woman can do when she gets a fair chance. I meant to tell you the story this evening, whether we had met her or not, because it concerns some one else as well as her, some one that we know a great deal better than we have the misfortune of knowing La Distin."



TOM ELLISON AND I WERE LEANING OVER THE RAILS IN THE PARK.

"Well, now you have made me more curious than ever, so you had better tell me right away, and not keep me on tenter-hooks till evening. Who is the other? A man, of course?"

"Yes, it naturally would be a man if Madge was the heroine of the story, as of course she is. Let us take a turn up toward the gardens across the grass, and I'll tell you as we go."

We got out of the crowd fringing the Row, and turned our steps toward the south side of the Serpentine. We had been walking for five or ten minutes in a silence which I did not care to break, despite my curiosity, when Tom looked up, and said abruptly:

"You remember Stuart Gilray, of course?"

"Good Heaven, yes! You don't mean to say that he has anything to do with it?"

"He had, poor fellow," replied Tom mournfully, looking down at the grass and knitting his brows again. "It was about him that I was going to tell you to-night."

"Well, go ahead," I said, "for now you have raised my curiosity to fever point. I'm not the only one who has been wondering for the last couple of years what became of him when he disappeared so suddenly from London. Now that I come to think of it, it never struck me before that he disappeared at the same time that Madge Distin left Hengler's on that Continental engagement which gave us all the blues."

"Yes, that was it," said Tom. "They left about the same time simply because they went away together."

"Ah! I always thought that Stuart was destined to be the favored one among us."

"Favored!" said Tom, with a laugh that had a good deal of a snarl in it. "Favored! 'Cursed' would be a lot better word. However, I had better begin at the beginning before I get mixed.

"It's a bit over a year ago—when I was in Brussels. I was standing in the Boulevard Anspach, looking into the window of a photograph shop. The chief feature of the window was Madge Distin.

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She was there in pretty nearly every conceivable posture and degree of dress and undress, from a walking costume to tights and muslin.

"Well, I was duly admiring her, and thinking about old times, when some one touched me on the shoulder, and a voice, which sounded half strange and half familiar, said: 'Good afternoon, Ellison. Are you still worshipping at the same shrine?' I turned round, and there was what remained of poor Stuart Gilray. You never saw such a wreck as the poor fellow looked, although he was well, if a trifle queerly, dressed, and seemed in pretty comfortable circumstances as far as coin was concerned.

"He looked about half the weight he did when I'd seen him last in England. He had shaved off that celebrated golden mustache which the women here used to admire so much, and his face was pale and drawn, just as though he was fresh from a sick-bed that had very nearly been a death-bed. His skin, too, had that curious unhealthy look which you see in actors, and, in fact, in anybody who has to paint and make himself up.

"Well, we shook hands, and I said, 'Yes, she seems as divine as ever. What's she doing over here? But stop, what is more important than that, what are *you* doing over here?' The poor fellow looked at the photographs and then at me, and said: 'I'm here because she's here. I've been knocking about the Continent with her for the last eighteen months, pretty nearly. You know we're—' 'Not married, surely?' I said. 'Yes,' he said, with a smile and a sigh that said very little for the luck he'd had in matrimony.

WE TURNED OUR STEPS TOWARD THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE SERPENTINE.

"'You know I was absolutely mad about her in England, madder than the rest of you, though you were all pretty bad. I gave up everything to follow her abroad, and she led me on and on, till at last I lost my head and married her. You needn't ask me how it turned out—you can see for yourself—when I tell you that she ran through my money in less than nine months, and that now I hold the hoops for her to jump through in the ring. Pretty miserable sort of come-down, isn't it?'

"At first I could hardly believe my ears. You know Gilray was about the best man of his year; he held both the Edinburgh and London qualifications, he had $25,000 to start a practice on, and he died a clown in a circus."

"Surely," I said, "you are drawing it a little tight now, aren't you? Gilray a clown! Why, you might as well tell me he was a shoeblack."

"Nevertheless it is perfectly true, I am sorry to say," replied Tom, so seriously that I was forced to believe him. "She

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was his fate and his madness. She took his name and disgraced it; she took his money and wasted it, and when he gave her his life as well, she almost laughed at him.

"We went into a café, and over a bottle of wine he told me the miserable story from the beginning as far as it had gone—that is to say, as far as you know it now. That night I went to the circus with him, and was reintroduced to Madge. She received me just the same as she always did when we knew her in London, talked just as familiarly, and a trifle more freely, without seeming even to notice that her husband was within earshot.

"I needn't say that I was disgusted, and that my admiration for her mere physical beauty was considerably diluted by a sudden and instinctive dislike. As for poor Stuart, I could see his face working under the white chalk and the red and black paint. Do you know, there was something horrible in the sight—such a contrast between the broad grin that was painted on his face, and the miserable pleading in the poor fellow's eyes and the drawing of his lips under the paint.

I WENT TO THE CIRCUS AND WAS REINTRODUCED TO MADGE.

"She took no more notice of him than she did of any other of the servants of the circus, and stood and chattered with me about the fellows in London until I was positively glad to go away and get to my seat.

"Poor Gilray was on the bills as 'Billy Jacques, the Anglo-French Clown,' and really his performance was a miracle to me. You know he was always an athlete and a perfect mimic; and although he'd lost a lot of flesh, I could see he was still very tough and active. As for his jokes, they were simply free—very free—translations of a large assortment of English chestnuts into Anglo-French; but the Belgians appreciated them, and roared with encouraging regularity.

"I watched him very narrowly, and I saw a good deal that the audience didn't see. I saw that the poor beggar behind his fun was miserable enough to break his heart. He kept on looking first toward the curtains which would soon be parted for his wife to come on, and then to one of the boxes marked 'Engaged.' You may depend upon it that I watched the box pretty closely, too, and with an uncomfortable feeling that it was to be occupied by one of the actors in what might and before long did prove a tragedy.

"A minute or two before Madge was timed to appear I saw Gilray staring into the box with a look of hate that not even his paint could disguise. My eyes instinctively followed his, and I saw a tall, handsome young fellow, in the uniform of a Captain of the Belgian Guards, come to the front, followed by an attendant carrying a large bouquet. He took it and laid it conspicuously on the front of the box, and then settled down with a very obvious look of anticipated pleasure on his face.

"Suddenly the orchestra, after a preliminary flourish, started 'Rule Britannia,' and Madge, in all the glory of her beauty,

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NOTHING SEEMED TO DAUNT MADGE ON THAT HORSE.

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but partially concealed by a few tea-roses and a yard or two of gold gauze and spangles, rode, standing, into the circle on her Russian horse 'Poshol.'

"Nothing seemed to daunt Madge on that horse. What other circus riders accomplish on a flat, chalked platform, fixed on the broad back of an ambling Flemish mare, Madge could do, and a good deal more, on the chalked back of 'Poshol.'

"With Madge there was no coquetting with her hoops and banners, no ducking before making up her mind to jump, no shaking of her head at the grooms or ringmen. With her it was touch and go. Her leaps were flights; her fancies were inspirations. The horse that carried her round, beautiful as he was, with his tail and mane groomed to flowing silk, was lost sight of.

"And while she revelled in the incense that went up to her from a thousand lips and eyes, poor Gilray grovelled in his torture under the zinc-white to which he had descended just to be near his own Madge—to stand, as it were, between her and danger.

"The young Captain never took his eyes off Madge. He was not the only one, for her beauty and the novelty of her style seemed absolutely to hypnotize the spectators. But there was a kind of deadly fascination coming from the Captain's side to which all the exhibitions of Madge's charms and talents seemed a response.

"Poor 'Billy Jacques'! He stood on the bank to intercept his view; he threw up paper-covered hoops to distract the man's attention, but his labor was all in vain; and, indeed, it was owing to this special detective duty that he imposed upon himself that he found himself on the wrong side of the ring when an attendant handed a magnificent bouquet to the ringmaster, who took it with a low bow and gave it to Madge. She just smiled and nodded toward the box, and then I noticed—for I was close by—the sudden capture of a card in the bouquet. The next instant it had vanished into her corsage.

"I detected the triumphant smile; the rush of 'Billy Jacques' to intercept he knew not what; and the grim look which wrinkled his paint as he saw the bouquet pressed to her lips.

"Madge's act was followed by a water-pantomime which Gilray had advised me to stop and see. When it was over I left, and found him dressed and waiting for me at the door. I was considerably surprised, after what I had seen, to find him looking quite happy.

"'Had a deuce of a row just after Madge came out of the ring,' he said, as he walked by my side. 'But it's all made up between us. She swore on her mother's grave—she never breaks that oath—that she would go home and wait till I came in.'

"'Does Mrs. Gilray know you are with me?' I asked.

"'Why, certainly; and I told her we should only have a cigar, for auld lang syne; so I know you won't keep me.'

"We went up to the corner to Durand's, and as the night was chilly we went inside, and I ordered a couple of bocks.

"Nothing could have been more amusing than Gilray's stories about his new career, and he was in the midst of relating his first experiences in the ring, when his face changed, and a vindictive frown came over his eyes. Three men had just come in. They were the Captain of Guards and two friends. They were all laughing gayly as they sat down within two tables of where we were sitting.

"The Captain, who had a splendid tea-rose in his coat, continuing the conversation, said:

"'On my word of honor, she gave it to me herself after her jackass of a husband left her in peace.'

"And then he whispered some words which sent another rippling laugh around.

"Gilray had listened and heard all. White, almost as he had been in his paint, but hollow-eyed, and his lips drawn, he rose, and turning, went deliberately up to the Captain, and in good French said quietly:

"'Sir, I happen to be the jackass in question, and I have the honor to tell you that if you go near my wife again I'll break every bone in your body.'

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"'Rubbish, my good fellow, hold your tongue,' he said, with a cool impertinence that made me itch to kick him. Gilray, however, rose to the situation in an instant. A siphon had just been put down on the table by the waiter, and he picked it up and shot its contents over the Captain's gold-laced coat. He got up, green with anger, and made a move to draw his sword.

"Here I interfered, and explained to him that my friend Gilray was a gentleman and quite qualified to give him due satisfaction, and after a bit of a row it was agreed that a meeting should take place on the following morning.

"The Captain, who was every whit as angry as Gilray, insisted that the affair might be arranged without delay in his own *salle d'armes*, but Gilray, with a sudden inspiration, remembered that as *sous-régisseur*, or assistant stage-manager, he had a key to the circus, and so he proposed that they should go and have it out there as soon as the rapiers could be fetched.

"When we had groped our way into the dark circus—which looked pretty eerie, I can tell you, going into it under such circumstances—Gilray lit the ring of lights round the centre pole, and while he was doing this the Captain's second whispered to me:

"'If you value your friend's life persuade him to apologize. The Captain is one of the best fencers in Brussels,'

"'Under the circumstances,' I replied a bit shortly, 'I think I would rather see him killed.'

"Well, they set to. Neither the Belgian nor his second knew that he was tackling one of the finest fencers in England, and they forgot to allow for what they were fighting about. They hadn't been at it three minutes before it was perfectly plain that Gilray could do what he liked with his man.

IT WAS PLAIN THAT GILRAY COULD DO WHAT HE LIKED WITH HIS MAN.

"I shall never forget the expression of his face as he played with him until the poor Belgian grew white, and then almost green with funk. The Captain, I could see, knew that the fight could only have one end, and his eyes began to start out of his head as he watched the white, set face and the glinting eyes that kept moving round him, and the clicking blue blade which made a moving fence of steel that he could no more cross than he could have jumped the Meuse.

"We held our breath and watched—I for my part in a state of horrible fascination, knowing that Gilray could deliver the fatal stroke when he liked, and wondering when he would do it. At last, with no apparent extra exertion or effort, the point of his rapier slipped under the hilt of the Belgian's, and before we very well knew what had happened, it was sticking a good three inches out of his back.

"His sword dropped from his hand,

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and he went down like a bullock. As he fell, Gilray whipped his rapier out of the body and stuck it in the tan of the ring. Then he said very quietly:

"'Gentlemen, you are witnesses that this man has been killed in fair fight?'

"We all bowed, and he went on:

"'If any of you is married and loves his wife as I love mine, you will agree with me that this man deserved his death. If you are willing to oblige me, you will help me to keep this matter from the knowledge of the authorities until this time to-morrow night.'

I READ THE LETTER AND LOOKED AT HER.

"There was no reason why this should not be done. A duel in Belgium is a socially, if not legally, recognized method of settling a serious quarrel. That this one had ended fatally was a misfortune, but none of us believed that any blame attached to Gilray, for we were perfectly certain that his antagonist would have killed him if he had been able to do so.

"At the same time we had no idea of the true meaning of Gilray's request; we simply thought that he wanted time to get himself and his wife out of the country before the authorities could be at their heels. We got the body away in a cab. The doctor told the cabman that the soldier had been badly wounded, and was unconscious from loss of blood. We took him to his second's rooms, and left him there in charge of his friend and the doctor, just as though he required to be nursed.

"The next day, to my astonishment, Gilray told me that he and his wife were going to perform at the circus as usual, and particularly begged me to be present. I went, and you can imagine my feelings when I sat among the audience round the brilliantly lighted ring, full of life and color, and thought of the scene that had been enacted by the light of a few gas-jets a little more than twelve hours before.

"Madge apparently had heard nothing of the tragedy, or if she knew of it she certainly cared very little about it, for she went through the first part of her performance with even more brilliancy and dash than she had done the night before. In the last of her acts she had to take a flying leap through a hoop covered with tissue paper, and this was held above her horse by Gilray, swinging by his knees from a trapeze that hung down from the roof.

"As her horse came round I saw her stiffen her muscles for the leap. Her body sprang up from the horse's haunches, passed like a flash through the paper, and

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then she dropped on her feet on the animal's back again.

"A roar of applause burst out, and then suddenly stopped. The moment she had landed safely on her horse's back again, Gilray's legs straightened out, and his body dropped like a stone from the trapeze nearly twenty feet to the earth. He fell square on his head. I heard the thud as he struck the ground, and saw his head double up between his shoulders. Then I fainted. When I came to myself they told me that he had broken his neck.

"I saw Madge the next day. I met her just coming out of her house. I greeted her, as you may imagine, pretty coldly, and then I told her plainly what had happened."

"Well, and what did she say?" I asked.

"She just shrugged her pretty shoulders and said it was a pity that men should make such fools of themselves. Then she showed me a letter from poor Gilray's solicitors which had come to hand that morning, and told him that his father had died without leaving a will, and that he was, therefore, heir-at-law to his estates in Yorkshire and over $500,000 in stocks.

"I read the letter and looked at her. She looked back at me without a sign of flinching, and said:

"'You see, poor Stuart was just a bit too previous with his jealousy. If he had waited till to-day things would have looked a bit different. As it is, I'm his widow. I shall cut the circus business now, and the next time you hear of me I expect it will be as Lady Somebody-or-other. Good morning.'

"That was enough for me, so I came away. I suppose that fellow we saw her driving with just now will be the Lord Somebody-or-other."

THE BELLES OF SAN LUIS REY.

INDIAN WOMEN OF CALIFORNIA: ALL OVER 100 YEARS OLD.

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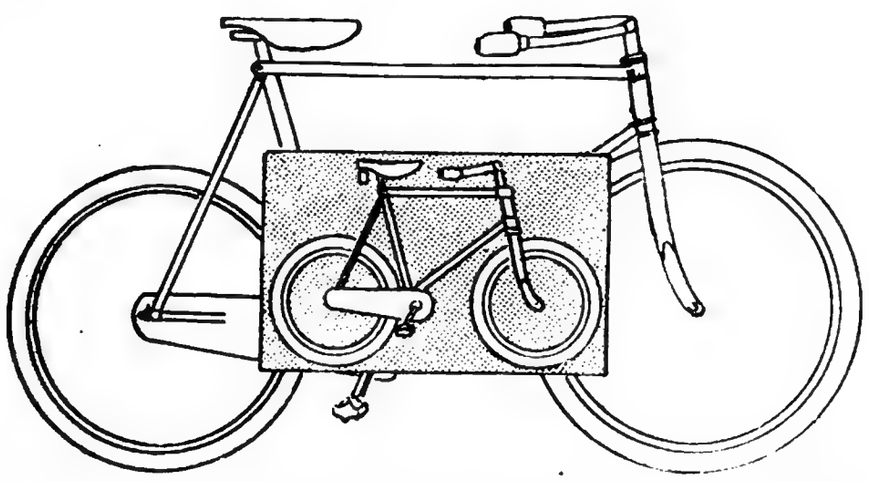
THE SMALLEST IN THE WORLD.

By Harold Macfarlane.

Records in such fragile objects as those that purport to claim the title "the smallest in the world" are naturally only made to be broken, and as in this respect they resemble cycling records, it is only meet and right for us to give pride of place to the "wheel." Whether or no there are smaller "bikes" in actual use than the one ridden by a young Briton at Karachi, which claims to be the smallest wheel in India, we cannot say, but it will be as well perhaps to put on record that its frame is 9 ins.; wheels, 12 ins.; gear, 40; and weight, 10½ lbs.

The smallest perfect working model bicycle was made over a year ago, chiefly of pure gold and silver, in America, by a diamond cutter. The frame, rims, and pneumatic tires were of silver, the spokes were of the thinnest gold wire, which precious metal was used to embellish the tiny "rat-trap" pedals. The chain was of steel, each link being forged and put together separately, and the whole machine stood barely 2 ins. high, and was richly encrusted with precious stones.



THE SMALLEST BICYCLE IN USE HAS A FRAME OF 9 INS. AND WHEELS OF 12 INS. THE GEAR IS 40, WHILST THE WEIGHT IS ONLY 10½ LBS.

A short time ago the smallest railway in the world was said to be that from North Billerica to Bedford, Mass. To say that it is a narrow-gauge line, though truthful, is hardly descriptive enough. As a matter of fact, the gauge is 2 ft. 10 ins., and the line 8½ miles long. The rails weigh 25 lbs. per yard, the locomotive 8 tons, and the cars 4½ tons each, and at times a speed of 20 miles an hour is attained.

Hardly had we got accustomed to regarding the Massachusetts miniature as the smallest of railroads when a Manx gentleman built a one-mile line from the entrance of Groudle Glen to the seashore, and as the gauge was but 24 ins., we could no longer look upon the American road as the holder of the title, which now devolved upon a British possession.

Scarcely had we fixed the word "Groudle" upon the tablets of our memory in indelible characters, when we had to apply a piece of mental india-rubber for the purpose of erasing it as much as possible, for at the Omaha Exhibition a railway having a 12½-in. gauge was lately in full working order. The height of the engine from the top of the stack to the rail was 2 ft. 1 in.; the cylinders 2 ins. by 4 ins.; the boiler held 24 gallons of water, and developed sufficient steam to allow of one and a half horse-power being indicated, or sufficient to draw ten cars, each carrying two persons—a good load for any horse and a half to drag. This may now be seen in Central Park, New York.

There does not appear to be much rivalry among shipbuilders in respect of turning out miniature marvels, consequently the *Nina*, built in New York, holds the pronounced title of "smallest" without its claim being questioned. The smallest steamer afloat is about 12 ft. long and 3 ft.

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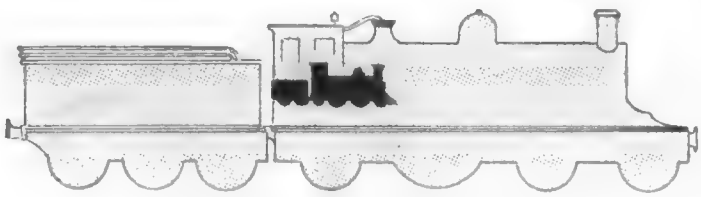
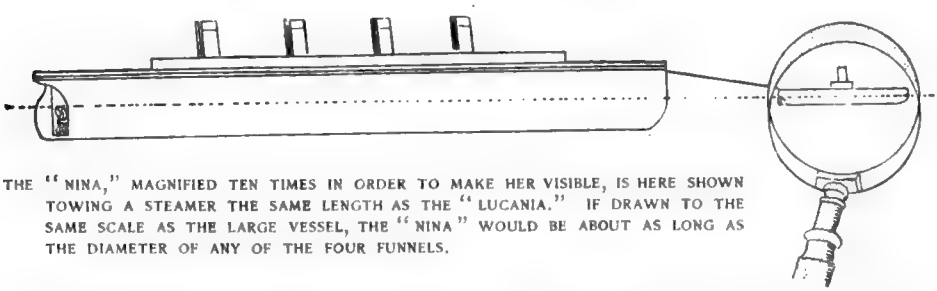
wide, and its crew and passengers consist of one human being, who must fulfil all the functions himself. The boiler weighs 80 lbs., the engine 25 lbs., the machinery 20 lbs., and the hull 90 lbs., or less than two hundredweight in all. This miniature liner can stow away 40 lbs. of charcoal; can attain a speed of about 5½ miles an hour, and it cost about $1,250, or one-fourth the price of a boat fashioned out of a single pearl by an accomplished Italian jeweller. The hull of this latter vessel, we learn, is finely shaped, and might serve as a model for a great sloop. The beaten gold sail is studded with diamonds, a ruby serves as a head-light, an emerald for the rudder, and it sails on a tranquil sea consisting of a slab of ivory.



THIS SHOWS THE COMPARATIVE SIZE OF AN ORDINARY EXPRESS ENGINE AND THE SMALLEST WORKING ENGINE IN THE WORLD.

There are so many "smallest" (in their owners' estimation) stationary steam-engines extant that we hesitate to deal with this particular phase of our subject. One of these engines measures less than a quarter of an inch in any direction, and one is surprised to learn therefore that its horse-power is calculated to be about one-twelfth of a thousandth of the working capacity of the ordinary 'bus-horse. Another weighs three pennyweights without its fly-wheel, and emits a noise when working at its highest pressure like "the buzz of a fly," and yet another, with a cylinder possessing a diameter of one-third of one-sixteenth of an inch and capable of running off 1,760 revolutions in a minute, is so small that a 22-calibre cartridge will cover it with ease.

The smallest electric motor in the world is the possession of Mr. D. Goodin, of McKinney, Tex., and as it only weighs nine one-hundredths of an ounce and figures in its owner's scarf as a pin, its claims for the title, though it is in itself so diminutive, are not based on slender foundations. Between the field magnets fixed into position by gold screws an armature about the size of a well-used slate pencil revolves. The armature is of the four-pole variety, and is wound with fine wire; the current is conducted by means of copper brushes of wonderful thinness; the commutator segments are of gold, and golden is the switch, mounted on a black rubber base worn in the lapel of the vest. The motive power is obtained from a small chloride of silver battery, kept in the vest pocket, and the noise that the machine makes when working, unlike that of the stationary engine with its fly-like buzz, resembles that "of a small nest of hornets."



THE "NINA," MAGNIFIED TEN TIMES IN ORDER TO MAKE HER VISIBLE, IS HERE SHOWN TOWING A STEAMER THE SAME LENGTH AS THE "LUCANIA." IF DRAWN TO THE SAME SCALE AS THE LARGE VESSEL, THE "NINA" WOULD BE ABOUT AS LONG AS THE DIAMETER OF ANY OF THE FOUR FUNNELS.

It is difficult to imagine shears of such diminutive proportions that, placed on a sheet of paper, they look no larger than pin-heads. Nevertheless, marvels in cutlery of this nature have been made ere this of such fragile materials that one dozen pairs weigh about half a grain. The shears, we are told, are perfectly made and proportioned, and if suf-

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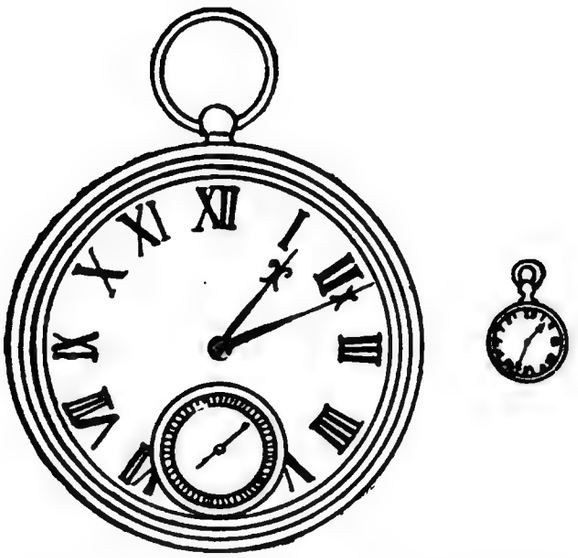


AN ORDINARY WATCH AND THE SMALLEST, SIDE BY SIDE. THE LATTER COST $1,250, AND FOUR OF ITS SIZE COULD LIE ON A QUARTER-DOLLAR PIECE.

ficiently delicate material could be procured it would be found that they could cut. Needless to say, these shears "come fra' Sheffield."

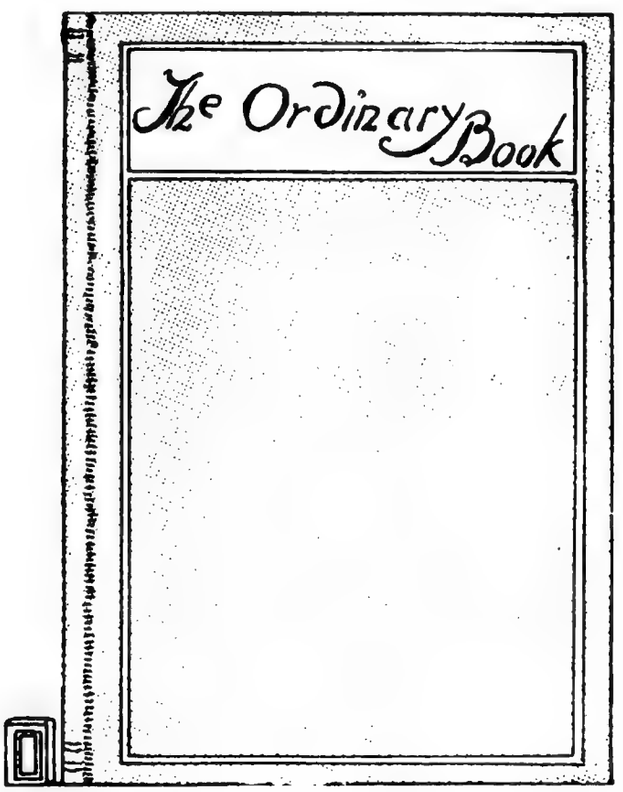
The smallest watch in the world was exhibited in Berlin early this year, but we have yet to learn that the eyesight of the Berliners has been greatly impaired as a result of the exhibition, though such an unfortunate result was only to be expected in view of the fact that you could get four watches of its calibre on an area equal to that covered by a quarter-dollar piece. The watch was built at Geneva, where special tools were procured for the purpose. It contains 100 separate parts and weighs one-thirtieth of an ounce avoirdupois. The length of the minute hand of an ordinary watch is about eleven-twelfths of an inch, the hour hand spreading itself over half an inch. The hands of this extraordinary timepiece were respectively one-eleventh of an inch and one-twentieth of an inch. The balance of the watch completes almost half a million revolutions in the twenty-four hours, and the price of this marvel in miniature is the same as that of the smallest steamer.

The smallest printed book in the world is a reprint of a letter by Galileo to Madame Christine di Lorenza, a copy of which a short time ago was in the possession of Messrs. Bumpus. The book weighs about a quarter of an ounce, is five-eighths of an inch long, seven-sixteenths of an inch wide, and three-eighths of an inch thick; it contains 205 pages, 1,800 lines, and about 30,000 letters, each of which can be covered by the point of a pin.

The smallest newspaper hails from Guadalaya, in Mexico, and bears the motto, "Much Meat but little Froth." The *Telegrafo* is a weekly production, and consists of eight columns of reading matter, each column being about 4 ins. long and 1½ ins. wide.

Examples of minute writing and engraving are so numerous and so productive of headaches that we refrain from referring to them here in detail. It will suffice to say that to engrave the alphabet on the head of an ordinary pin and the whole Lord's Prayer on the shank is not the most wonderful of the achievements of those who are endowed with almost superhuman patience.

The smallest of paintings is a landscape which includes a mill, a miller, and the usual accessories, which was executed by a Flemish artist on the smooth side of a grain of common white corn.



THE SMALLEST BOOK IN THE WORLD IS $\frac{5}{8}$ IN. LONG, $\frac{7}{16}$ IN. WIDE, AND $\frac{3}{8}$ IN. THICK.

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One of the smallest of carvings consists of one hundred portraits which were engraved on a cherrystone by a turner's apprentice of Berlin, a city apparently greatly interested in the production of marvels in miniature.

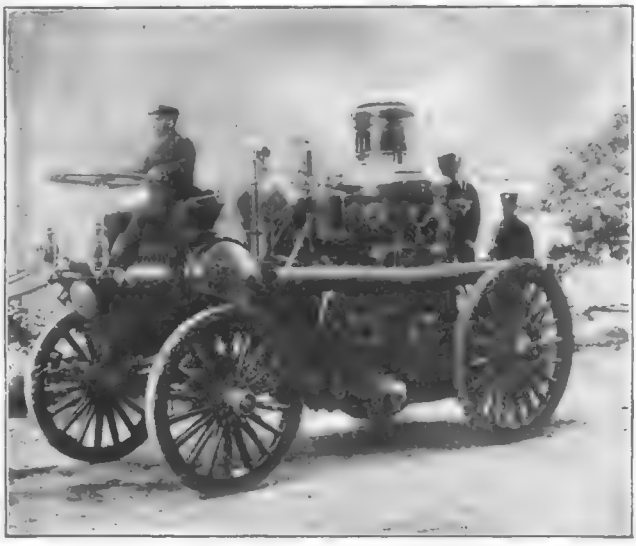
These include, or did recently, the smallest elephant alive, which measures about a yard in height and length, and weighs about 168 lbs., instead of 6,720 lbs., which a well-regulated member of its race and years should weigh.

It comes as somewhat of a relief to find that the smallest horse on this earth is not to be found in the Prussian capital, but is the property of an Italian nobleman, the Marquis Carcano, and was bred at that nobleman's stock farm. Leo, the horse in question, is 21 ins. high, and is a well-proportioned chestnut with a tail that sweeps the ground.

The smallest soldier is Louis Bernadot, of Luret, in France, who had to be lifted up by a friendly gendarme by the scruff of the neck when his turn came to draw his number out of the conscription urn, as his 28 ins. failed to bring his head on a level even with the table, let alone the urn.

THE HORSELESS FIRE-ENGINE.

THAT glorious and inspiring feature of the charge of the fire brigade, the team of noble horses dashing at top speed in the direction of a conflagration, is doomed to give place to the latest method of locomotion, the automobile idea. Hartford, Conn., can claim the distinction of being the first American city to adopt the horseless fire-engine, although experiments with an automobile were made in New York twenty years ago.



AN AUTOMOBILE FIRE-ENGINE.

So far the plan has been a distinct gain to the department. The horseless fire-engine in use at Hartford is shown in the accompanying picture. Though lacking the stirring attractiveness of the wild rush of excited horses, the automobile engine is able to reach a fire in much less time than the engine that will in all probability soon be called the old-time style of fire-machine.

Provided the streets are clear, as they usually are when the clang of the fire-bell is shaking the air, the horseless fire-engine can whisk through a city at a pace that would compare well with that of a moderately fast train. On a straight run at night time, when the streets are deserted, the horseless fire-engine makes its best time. Then it becomes to the Hartford citizens who are awakened by the cry of fire, a flying streak that passes their windows like a flash, and is gone before they can observe the direction in which it travels. The machine is easy to control and inexpensive to maintain.

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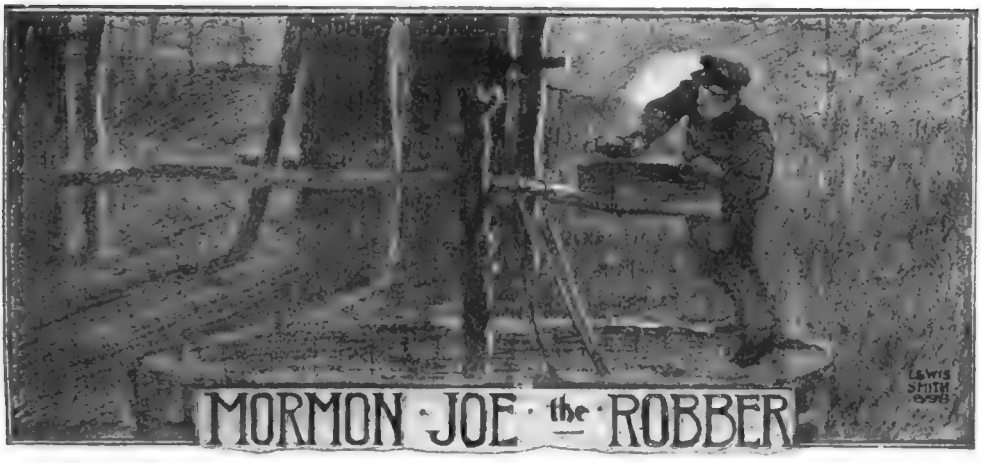

By J. A. Hill.

I'm on intimate terms with one of the biggest robbers in this country. He's an expert at the business, but has now retired from active work. The fact of the matter is, Joe didn't know he was robbing at the time he did it, but he got there just the same, and came mighty nigh doing time in the penitentiary for it, too.

Maybe I'd better commence at the beginning, and tell you that I first knew Joe Hogg in '79, out at the front, on the Santa Fé. Joe hailed from Salt Lake City, and had run on the Utah Central, which gave him the nickname of "Mormon Joe," a name he never resented being called, and to which he always answered. I never did really know whether he was a Mormon or not, and never cared; he was a good engineer, that's about all that interested me. Joe took good care of his engine, wore a clean shirt, and behaved himself—which was doing more than the average engineer at the front did.

I remember, one night, Jack McCabe —"Whiskey Jack," we used to call him —made some mean remark about the Mormons in general and Joe in particular, and Joe replied: "I don't propose to defend the Mormon faith; it's as good as any, to my mind. I don't propose to judge or misjudge any man by his belief or absence of belief. All that I have got to say is that the Mormon religion is a *practical* religion. They don't give starving women a tract, or tramps jobs on the stone-pile. The women get bread, and the tramps work for *pay*. Their faith is based on the Christian Bible, with a book added—guess they have as big a right to add or take away as some of the old kings had; bigamy is upheld by the Bible, but has been dead in Utah for some years. It can't live, for the young people are against it. In Utah the woman has all the rights a man has, votes, and is a *person*. (Since cut out of new constitution.) Before the Gentiles came to Salt Lake the Mormons had but *one* policeman, no jail, few saloons; now the Gentile Christian has sway, and the town is full of them. I guess you could argue on the quality and quantity of rotgut whiskey a good engineer ought to drink, better than on theology, anyhow."

I never heard any of the gang twit Joe about the Mormons again.

I didn't take an awful sight of notice about Joe until I came in, one night, and the boys told me that Joe was arrested as an accomplice in the robbery of the Black Prince Mine, in Constitution Gulch.

This Black Prince was a gold placer owned by two middle-aged Englishmen. They had a small stamp-mill, run by mule power, and a large number of sluice-boxes. They always worked alone, and said they were developing the mine. No one had

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any idea that they were taking out much dust, until the mill and sluice-boxes were burned one night, and the story came out that they had been robbed of more than thirty thousand dollars.

Each partner accused the other of the theft. Both were arrested, and detectives commenced to follow every clue.

Joe's arrest fell like a thunder-clap among us. The Brotherhood men took it up right away, and I went to see Joe that very night. It was said that Joe had visited the Black Prince the day before, and had been seen carrying away a large package the night before the robbery.

Joe absolutely refused to say a word for or against himself.

"The detectives got this scheme up and know what they are doing," said he; "I don't. When they get all through you'll know how it'll come out."

To all questions as to his guilt or innocence, to every query about the crime or his arrest, he replied alike, to friend or foe:

"Ask the sheriff, he's doing this."

He was in jail a long time, but nothing was proven against him, and he was finally released.

Neither of the Englishmen could fasten the crime on his partner, and they sold out and drifted away, one going back to England and the other to Mexico.

Joe ran a while on the road again, and then took a job as chief engineer of a big stamp-mill in Arizona, and going there, he was lost to myself and the men on the road, and finally the Black Prince robbery passed into history, and nothing remained but the tradition, a sort of a myth of the mountains, like Captain Kidd's treasures, the amount only being increased by time. I believe that the last time I heard the story it was calmly stated that thirty million dollars were taken.

When I was out West, last time, I got off the train at Santa Fé, and when gunning through the baggage for my *kiester* I saw a trunk bearing on its end this legend:

"Mrs. Jos. Hogg."

While I was "gaping" at it, as they say down East, and wondering if it could be my Joe Hogg, a very nice-looking lady came in, leading a little girl, glanced along the lines of trunks, put her hand on the one I was looking at, and said:

"That's the one; yes, the little one. I want it checked to New York."

Just then a little fellow with whiskers on his chin and a twinkle in his eye came in and took charge of the trunk, the woman, and the child, and with the little one's arms around his neck bade them fondly good-by, and got them into their seats in the sleeper.

I watched this individual with a great deal of interest. He looked like my old friend, "Mormon Joe," only for the whiskers and the stockman clothes.

Finally he jumped off the moving train and stood watching it out of sight. He raised his hand to shade his eyes, and as he did so I saw that it was minus one thumb, and I remembered that "Mormon Joe" left one of his under an engine up in Colorado—I was sure of him.

There was a tear in his eye as he turned to go away, so I stepped up to him and asked:

"Any new wives wanted down your way, Elder?"

He glanced up, half-angry, looked me straight in the eye, and a smile started at the southeast corner of his phiz and ran around to his port ear.

"Well, John, old man, I've just sent away the best one in the wide world. Old man, you're looking plump. By the Holy Joe Smith, a sight of you is good for sore eyes!"

Well, we started, and—but there ain't no use in telling you all about it—I went home with Joe, went up a creek with a jaw-breaking Spanish name, for miles, to a very good cattle ranch, that was the property of "Mormon Joe."

Joe only quit running three or four years ago, and the ranch and its neat little home represented the savings of Joe Hogg's life.

His wife and only child had just started for a visit to England, where she was born.

The next day we rode the range to see Joe's cattle, and the next we started out

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for a little hunt. It was sitting by a jolly camp-fire back in the hills of New Mexico that "Mormon Joe" told me the true story of the robbery of the Black Prince Mine and the romance of his life.

Filling his cob pipe with cut plug, Joe sat looking away over space toward our hobbled horses, and then said:

"Old man, I reckon you remember all about the Black Prince robbery. I don't forget that you were the first man that came to the cooler to see me while I was doing time as a *suspect*. Well, coming right down to the point, *I had the dust all the time*, and the working out of the mystery would be rather interesting reading if it was written up, and, as you are such an accomplished liar, I wouldn't be surprised if you made it the base-line of one of them yarns of yourn—only, mind you, don't go too far with it, for it's as curious as a lie itself. I would not try to improve on it, if I was you. I'll tell it to you as it was.

"About four days before the robbery I was introduced to Rachel Rokesby, daughter of one of the partners in the Black Prince. I met her in what seemed to be a casual way, at Mother Cameron's hash-foundry, but I found out, a long time afterward, that she had worked for two weeks to bring about the introduction.

"I don't know as you remember seeing her, but she was a quiet, retiring, well-educated, rosy-cheeked English girl—impressed you right away as being the pure, unrefined article, about twenty-two karat. She 'chinned' me about an hour that evening, and just cut a cameo of her pretty face right on my old heart.

"Well, course I saw her home, and tried my best to be interesting, but if a fellow ever in his natural life becomes a double-barrelled jackass it's just immediately after he falls in love. Why, he ain't as interesting as the unlettered side of an ore-sack.

"But we got on amazing well. The girl did most of the talking, and along toward the last mentioned that she was in great trouble. Of course I wa'n't interested in that at all. I liked to have broken my neck in getting her to tell me at once if I couldn't do something to help her; say, for instance, move Raton Mountain up agin Pike's Peak.

"I went home that night promising to call on her the next trip, not to let any one know I was coming, not to tell anybody I had been there, not for *worlds* to repeat or intimate what she told me, and she would tell me her trouble from start to finish, and then I could help her if I wanted to. Well, I wanted to, *bad*.

"I went up to the Rokesbys' cabin next trip in. It was dark, and as I went up the front walk I heard the old gentleman going out the back, bound for the village 'diggins.' I had it all to myself—the secret, I mean.

"When I went in I got about a forty-second squeeze of a neat little hand, and things did look so nice and clean and homelike that I had it on the end of my tongue to ask right then to camp in the place.

"After a few commonplaces she turned around and asked me if I still wanted to help her, and would keep the secret if I concluded in the end to keep out of her troubles. You bet your life, old man, she didn't have to wait long for assurances. Why, I wouldn't 'a' waited a minute to have contracted to turn the Mississippi into the Mammoth Cave if she had asked it.

"'Well,' says she finally, 'it is not generally known, in fact, isn't known at all, that the Black Prince is a paying placer, and that papa and Mr. Sanson have been taking out lots of gold for some time. They have over fifty pounds of gold-dust and nuggets hidden under the floor of the old mill.'

"'Well,' says I, 'that hadn't ought to worry you so.'

"'But that isn't all the story,' she continued. 'We have discovered a plot on the part of Mr. Sanson to rob papa of the gold and burn the mill and sluice-boxes to hide the crime. You will find that every tough in town is his friend, because he buys whiskey for them, and they all dislike papa. If he carried out his plan we would have no redress whatever; all the justices in town can be bribed. The plan

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is to take the gold, burn the mill, and then accuse papa of the crime. Now, can't you help me to fool that old villain of a Sanson, and put papa's half of the money in a safe place?'

"I thought quite a while before I answered. It seemed strange to me that the case should be as she stated, and I half feared I might be made a cat's-paw and get into trouble, but the girl looked at me so trustingly with her blue eyes, and added:

"'I am afraid that I am the cause of all the trouble, too. Papa and Sanson got along well until I refused to marry him. After that the row began. I hate him! He said I would *have* to marry him before he was done with me. But I won't!'

("'You bet you won't, darling,' says I before I thought.) 'Pardon me, Miss Rokesby, but if there is any marrying done around here I want a hand in the game myself.'

"IF THERE IS ANY MARRYING DONE AROUND HERE I WANT A HAND IN THE GAME MYSELF."

"She blushed deeply, looked at the toe of her shoe a minute, and said:

"'I'm only eighteen, and am too young to think of marrying. Suppose we don't talk of that until we get out of the present difficulties.'

"'Sensible idea,' says I. 'But when we are out, suppose you and I have a talk on that subject.'

"She looked at the toe of her shoe for a minute again, turned red and white around the gills, looked up at me, shyly at first, then fully and fairly, stretched out her hand, and said: 'Yes, if you care to.'

"Course I didn't *care*, or nothing—no more than a man cares for his head.

"I guess that was about a half engagement; anyhow it's the only one we ever had. She said it would be ruinous to our plans if I was seen with her then or afterward, and agreed to leave a note at the house for me by next trip, telling me her plan, which she would talk over with her father.

"A couple of days later I got in from a round trip and made a dive for the boarding-house.

"'Any mail for me, mother?' I asked old Mrs. Cameron.

"'No, young man, I'm sorry to say there ain't.'

"'I was anxious to hear from home.'

"'Too bad, but maybe it'll come to-morrow.'

"I was up to fever heat, but could do nothing but wait. I went to bed late, and raising up my pillow to put my watch under it, I found a note. It read:

"'MIDNIGHT, *July* 17.

"'*Dear Joe:* Just thought of that rule for changing counter-balance you wanted. There has always been a miscalculation about the weight of counter-balance; they are universally *too heavy*. The weights are in pieces; take out two *pieces*; this treatment would even improve a mule-sweep. When once out, pieces should be changed or placed where careless or malicious persons cannot get hold of them and replace them. All is well; hope you are the same; will see you sometime soon.

"'JACK.'

"Here was apparently a fool letter from one young railroader to another, but I knew well enough that it was from Rachel and meant something.

"I noticed that it was dated the *next night*. Then I commenced to see, and in a few minutes my instructions were plain.

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The old five-stamp mill was driven by a mule, who wandered aimlessly around a never-ending circle at the end of a long, wooden sweep. This pole extended past the post of the mill a few feet, and had on the short end a box of stones as a counter-weight. I would find two packages of gold there at midnight of July 17.

"I was running one of those old Pittsburg hogs then, and she had to have her throttle ground the next day, but it was more than likely that she would be ready to go out at 8.30 on her turn; but I arranged to have it happen that the standpipe yoke should be broken in putting it up, so that another engine would have to be fitted up and I would lay in.

"I told stories in the round-house until nearly 10 o'clock that fateful night, and then started for the hash-foundry, dodged into a lumber-yard, got onto the rough ground back of town, and made a wide detour toward Constitution Gulch, the Black Prince, and the mule-sweep. I crept up to the washed ground through some brush and lay down in a path to wait for midnight. I felt a full-fledged sneak-thief, but I thought of Rachel, and didn't care if I was one or not so long as she was satisfied.

"I looked often at my watch in the moonlight, and at 12 o'clock everything was as still as death. I could hear my own heart beat against my ribs as I sneaked up to that counter-balance sweep. I got there without accident or incident, found two packages done up in canvas with tarred string handles; they were heavy, but small, and in ten minutes I had them alone with me among the stumps and stones on the little *mesa* back of the town.

"I'll never forget how I felt there in the dark, with all that money that wasn't mine, and if some one had said 'boo' from behind a stump, I should have dropped the boodle and taken to the bush.

"As I approached the town I realized that I could never get through it to the boarding-house or the round-house with those two bundles that looked like country sausages. I studied a while on it, and finally put them under an old scraper beside the road and went without them to the shops. I got from my box-seat a clean pair of overalls and jacket, and came back without being seen.

"I wrapped one of the packages up in these and boldly stepped out into the glare of the electric light. I remember I thought the town too darned enterprising.

"One of the first men I met was the marshal, Jack Kelly. He was reported to be a Pinkerton man, and was mistrusted by some of the men, but tried to be friendly and 'stand in' with all of us. He slapped me on the back and nearly scared the wits out of me. He insisted on treating me, and I went into the saloon and 'took something' with him in fear and trembling. The package was heavy, but I must carry it lightly under my arm, as if it were only overclothes.

"I treated in return, and had it charged, because I dared not attempt to get my right hand into my pocket. Jack was disposed to talk, and I feared he was just playing with me like a cat does with a mouse, but I finally got off and deposited my precious burden in my seat-box, under lock and key; then I sneaked back for the second haul. I met Jack and a policeman on my next trip, and he exclaimed:

"'Why, ain't you gone out yet?' and started off, telling the roundsman to keep the bunkos off me up to the shop. I thought then I was caught, but I was not, and the bluecoat bid me a pleasant good-night at the shop yard.

"When I got near my engine I was surprised to see Barney Murry, the night machinist, with his torch up on the cab—he was putting in the newly ground throttle.

"Just before I had decided to emerge from the shadow of the next engine, Barney commenced to yell for his helper, Dick, to come and help him on with the dome-cover.

"Dick came with a sandwich in one hand and a can of coffee in the other. This reminded Barney of his lunch, and setting his torch down on the top of the cab, he scrambled down on the other side and hurried off to the sand-dryer, where

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the gang used to eat their dyspepsia insurance and swap lies.

"After listening a moment, to be sure I was alone, I stepped lightly to the cab, and in a minute the two heavy and dangerous packages were side by side again.

"But just here an inspiration struck me. I opened the front door of the cab, stepped out on the running-board, and a second later was holding Barney's smoking torch down in the dome.

"The throttle occupied most of the space, but there was considerable room each side of it, and a good two feet between the top of the boiler and the top row of flues. I took one of the bags of gold, held it down at arm's length, swung it backward and forward a time or two, and let go, so as to drop it well ahead on the flues. The second bag followed at once, and again I held down the light to see if the bags were out of sight. Satisfied on this point, I got down, took my clothes under my arm, and jumped off the engine into the arms of the night foreman.

"'What did you call me for? That engine is not ready to go out on the extra,' I demanded off-hand.

"'I ain't called you; you're dreaming.'

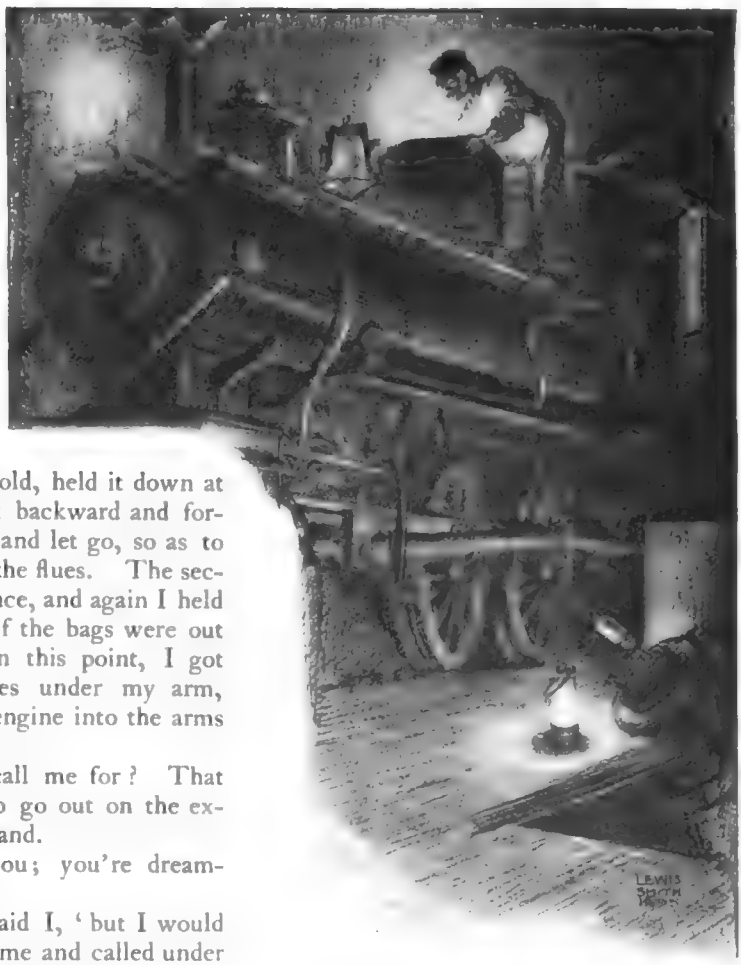
"'Maybe I am,' said I, 'but I would 'a' swore some one came and called under my window that I had to go out on the 2.10, on a stock-train, extra.'

"Just then Barney and Dick came back, and I soon had the satisfaction of seeing the cover screwed down on my secret and a fire built under it. Then I went home and slept.

"I guess it was four round trips that I made with the old pelter before Kelly put this and that together, and decided to put me where the dogs wouldn't bite me.

"I appeared as calm as I could, and set the example since followed by politicians, that of 'dignified silence.' Kelly tried to work one of the 'fellow-convict' rackets on me, but I made no confessions. I soon became a martyr in the eyes of the women of the town. You boys got to talking of backing up a suit for false imprisonment; election was coming on and the sheriff and county judge were getting uneasy, and the district attorney was awfully unhappy, so they let me out.

"Nixon, the sheriff, pumped me slyly, to see what effect my imprisonment would have on future operations, and I told him



A SECOND LATER HE WAS HOLDING THE SMOKING TORCH DOWN IN THE DOME.

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I didn't propose to lose any time over it, and agreed to drop the matter for a little nest-egg equal to the highest pay received by any engineer on the road. Pat Daily was the worst hog for overtime, and I selected his pay as the standard and took big money from the campaign funds. I wasn't afraid of rearrest; I had 'em for bribery.

"Whilst I was in hock I had cold chills every time I heard the 313's whistle, for fear they would wash her out and find the dust, but she gave up nothing.

"When I reported for work the old scrap was out on construction, and they were disposed to put me on another mill, pulling varnished cars; but I told the old man I was under the weather and 'crummy,' and that put him in a good humor; and I was sent out to a desolate siding, and once again took charge of the steam fence for the robber of the Black Prince Mine.

On Sunday, by a little manœuvring, I managed to get the crew to go off on a trout-fishing expedition, and under pretext of grinding in her chronically leaking throttle, I took off her dome-cover and looked in. There was nothing in sight.

"I was afraid that the cooking of two months or more had destroyed the canvas bags; then again the heavy deposit of scale might have cemented the bags to the flues. In either case a rough handling would send the dust to the bottom of the boiler, making it difficult, if not impossible, to recover, and, worse yet, manifest itself some time and give me dead away.

"I concluded to go at the matter right, and after two hours of hard work managed to get the upright throttle-pipe out of the dome. I drew her water down below the flue-line, and though it was tolerably warm I got in.

"Both of my surmises were partially correct; the canvas was rotted, in a measure, and the bags were fastened to the flues. The dust had been put up in buckskin bags first, and these had been put into shot-sacks. The buckskin was shrunken, but intact. I took a good look around before I dared take the treasure into the sunlight; but the coast was clear, and inside of an hour they were locked in my clothes-box, and the cover was on the kettle again and I was pumping her up by hand.

"I was afraid something would happen to me or the engine, so I buried the packages in a bunch of willows near the tracks.

"It must have been two weeks after this that a mover's wagon stopped near the creek, within half a mile of the track, and hobbled horses soon began to 'rustle' grass, and the smoke of a camp-fire hunted the clouds.

"We saw this sort of thing often, and I didn't any more than glance at it; but after supper I sauntered down by the engine, smoking and thinking of Rachel Rokesby, when I noticed a woman walking toward me, pail in hand.

"She had on a sunbonnet that hid her face, and she got within ten feet of me before she spoke. She asked for a pail of drinking-water from the tank; the creek was muddy from the recent rain.

"Just as soon as she spoke I knew it was Rachel, but I controlled myself, for others were within hearing. I walked with her to the engine and got the water. I purposely drew the pail full, which she promptly spilled, and I offered to carry it for her.

"The crew watched us walk away, and I heard some of them mention 'mash,' but I didn't care; I wanted a word with my girl.

"When we were out of earshot she asked, without looking up: 'Well, old coolness, are you all right?'

"'You bet, darling.'

"'Papa has sold out his half, and we are going away for good. I think if we get rid of the dust without trouble we may go to England. Just as soon as all is safe you shall hear from me. Can't you trust me, Joe?'

"'Yes, Rachel darling, now and forever.'

"'Where is the gold?'

"'Within one hundred feet of you, in those willows. When it is dark I will go and get it, and put it on that stump by the

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big tree; then go and get it. But where will you put it?'

"'I am going to pack it in the bottom of a jar of butter.'

"'Good idea, little girl! I think you'd make a good thief yourself. How's my friend Sanson?'

"'He's gone to Mexico; says yet that papa robbed him, but he knows as well as you or I that all his bluster was because he only found *half* what he expected. I pride myself on getting ahead of a wicked man once, thanks to our hero by the name of Hogg.'

"It was getting dusk and we were out of sight, so I set down the pail and asked:

"'Do I get a kiss this evening?'

"'If you want one.'

"'There's only one thing I want worse.'

"'What is that, Joe?'

"My arm was around her waist now, and the sunbonnet was shoved back from her face. I took a couple of cream-puffs where they were ripe, and answered:

"'That message to come and talk about matrimony.'

"Here a man's voice was heard calling, 'Rachel! Rachel!' and throwing her arms around my neck, she gave me one more kiss, snatched up her pail, and answered:

"'Yes; I'm coming.' Then to me, hurriedly: 'Good-by, dear. Wait patiently; you shall hear from me.'

I NOTICED A WOMAN WALKING TOWARD ME, PAIL IN HAND.

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"I went back and put the dangerous dust on the stump and returned to the bunk-car. The next morning when I turned out, the outlines of the wagon were dimly discernible away on a hill in the road; it had been gone an hour.

"I walked down past my stump—the gold was gone.

"Well, John, I settled down to work and to wait for that precious letter that would summon me to the side of Rachel Rokesby, wherever she was, but it never came. Uncle Sam never delivered a line from her to me from that day to this."

Joe kicked the burning sticks in our fire closer together, lit his pipe, and proceeded:

"I was hopeful for a month or two, then got impatient, and finally got angry, but it ended in despair. A year passed away before I commenced to *hunt* instead of waiting to be hunted, but after another year I gave it up, and came to the belief that Rachel was dead or married to another. But the very minute that such a treasonable thought flashed through my mind, my heart held up the image of her pure face and rebuked me.

"I was discharged finally for forgetting orders—I was thinking of something else—then I commenced to pull myself together and determined to control myself. I held the job in Arizona almost a year, but the mill company busted; then I drifted down on to the Mexican National, when it was building, and got a job. A few months later it came to my ears that one of our engineers, Billy Gardiner, was in one of their damnable prisons, and I organized a relief expedition. I called on Gardiner, and talked over his trouble fully. He was in a loathsome dobie hole, full of vermin and dark. As I sat talking to him I noticed an old man chained to the wall in a little entry on the other side of the room. His beard was grizzly white, long and tangled. He was hollow-cheeked and wild-eyed, and looked at me in a strange, fascinated way.

"'What's he in for?' I whispered to Gardiner.

"'Murdered his partner in a mining camp. Got caught in the act. He don't know it yet, but he's condemned to be shot next Friday—to-morrow. Poor devil, he's half crazy anyhow.'

"As I got up to go the old man made a sharp hiss, and as I turned to look at him, he beckoned with his finger. I took a step or two nearer, and he asked, in an audible whisper:

"'Mr. Hogg, don't you know me?'

"I looked at him long and critically, and then said:

"'No; I never saw you before.'

"'Yes, that's so,' said he; 'but I have seen you, many times. You remember the Black Prince robbery?'

"'Yes, indeed. Then you are Sanson?'

"'No, Rokesby.'

"'Rokesby! My God, man, where's Rachel?'

"'I thought so,' he muttered. 'Well, she's in England, but I'm here.'

"'What part of England?'

"'Sit down on that box, Mr. Hogg, and I will tell you something.'

"'Is she married?' I asked eagerly.

"'No, lad, she ain't, and what's more, she won't be till she marries you, so be easy there.'

"Just here a pompous Mexican official strode in, stepped up in front of the old man, and read something in Spanish.

"'What in hell did he say?' asked the prisoner of Gardiner.

"'Something about sentence, partner.'

"'Well, it's time they were doing something. Did he say when it was?'

"'To-morrow.'

"'Good enough; I'm dead sick o' this.'

"'Can't I do anything for you, Mr. Rokesby—for Rachel's sake?'

"'No—yes, you can, too, young man; you can grant me a pardon for a worse crime than murder, if you will—for Rachel's sake.'

"'It's granted then.'

"'Good, that gives me heart. Now, Mr. Hogg, to business. It was me that robbed the Black Prince Mine. I took every last cent there was, and I used you and Rachel to do the work for me and

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take the blame if caught. Sanson was honest enough. I fired the mill myself.

"'It was me that sent Rachel to you. I admired your face as you rode by the claim every day on your engine. I knew you had nerve. If you and Rachel hadn't fallen in love with one another I'd 'a' lost though; but I won.

"'Well, I took the money I got for the claim and sent Rachel back to her mother's sister in England. You may not know, but she is not my daughter; she thinks she is, though. Her parents died when she was small, and I provided for her. I'm her half-uncle. I got avaricious in my old age, and went into a number of questionable schemes.

"'After leaving New Mexico I worked the dust off, a little at a time, and wasted the money—but never mind that.

"'It was just before she got aboard the ship that Rachel sent me a letter containing another to you, to be sent when all was right. I've carried it ever since. Somehow or other I was afraid it would drop a clue to send it at first, but after it got a year old I didn't think of it much.'

"He fumbled around inside of his dirty flannel shirt for a minute, and soon fished up a letter almost as black as the shirt, and holding it up, said:

"'That's it.'

"I had the envelope off in a second, and read:

"'*Dear Joseph:* I am going to my aunt, Mrs. Julia Bradshaw, 15 Harrow Lane, Leicester, England. If you do not change your mind, I will be happy to talk over our affairs whenever you are ready. I shall be waiting.

"'RACHEL.'

"I turned and bolted toward a door, when Gardiner yelled:

"'Where are you going?'

"'To England,' said I.

"'This door, then, sir,' said a Mexican.

"I came back to the old man.

"'Rokesby,' said I, 'you have cut ten years out of my life, but I forgive you. Good-by.'

"'One thing more, Mr. Hogg: don't tell them at home how I went—nothing about this last deal.'

"'Well, all right; but I'll tell Rachel if we marry and come to America.'

"'I've got lots of honest relations, and my old mother still lives in her eighties.'

"'Well, not till after she goes, unless to save Rachel in some way.'

"'Good-by, Mr. Hogg. God bless you and—and little Rachel.'

"'Good-by, Mr. Rokesby.'

"The next day I left Mexico for God's country, and inside of ten days was on a Cunarder eastward bound. I reached England in proper time. I found the proper pen in the proper train, and was deposited in the proper town, directed to the proper house, and street, and number, and had pulled out about four yards of wire attached to the proper bell.

"A kindly faced old lady looked at me over her spectacles, and I asked:

"'Does Mrs. Julia Bradshaw live here?'

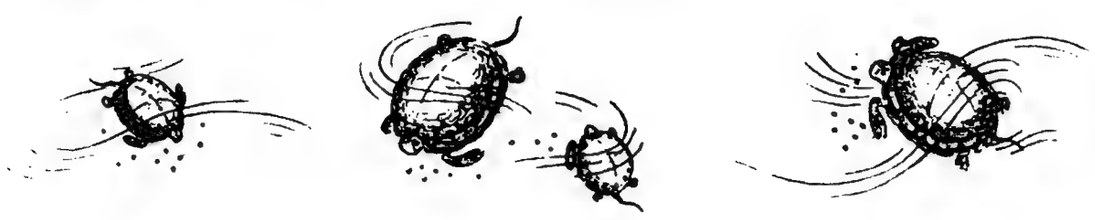
"'Yes, sir, that's me.'

"'Have you a young lady here named Rachel R——'

"The old lady didn't wait for me to finish the name; she just turned her head fifteen degrees, put her open hand up beside her mouth, and shouted up the stairs:

"'Rachel! Rachel! Come down here quick! Here's your young man come from America!'

"A door opened and I caught a twinkle of number two slippers on the upper stairs, and a second later Rachel and I were so close together you couldn't tell which was which."



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THE HOUSE USED AS A DRESSING-ROOM BY PILGRIMS.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

By Chauncey M. M'Govern.

What is possibly destined at no far-distant time to surpass the far-famed Grotto of Lourdes in the number of its annual pilgrims is the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, the discovery of which, although dating back some years, has just been publicly announced for the first time. The piece of water to which this name has been given is a small brook situated in the mountains of New Jersey, about half way between New York City and Philadelphia. It is believed by many people in the neighborhood that this is the fountain of perpetual youth for which Juan Ponce de Leon, the discoverer of Florida in 1512, made so many years' search, and for which his name has come down in history.

How the discovery of the "fountain" came to be publicly announced was in this wise: The Supreme Court of New Jersey had summoned before it a short time ago a witness named Dr. Charles M. Smith, a resident of one of the smallest villages in that State. When this name was called out by the clerk of the court during the progress of the session, there stepped up lightly an old man who caused a thrill of surprise to run through the court-room, on account of the contradictions in his physical appearance. Hardly had the man been sworn in the customary manner, than the surprise of the people present was turned to astonishment by his giving his age as one hundred and twenty-six years.

That the man was extremely old there could be no doubt. His affidavit was not needed to convince the spectators of that. No one who had not passed the one hundredth milestone of his life could possess such white hair and beard, or such bushy eyebrows of the same hue. His speech, too, was uttered with the drawl peculiar to the centenarian, and there was an aged stoop to his shoulders. But further than this the resemblance of Dr. Smith to an aged person did not go. The man's face was without a single wrinkle, his hand and step were as steady as of a man of forty, he

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walked without a cane, his eyes were as clear as glass, and he had the rosy complexion of a healthy dairy-maid of but sixteen summers.

The old physician was fully conscious of the sensation his appearance made upon the spectators, and without waiting to be interrogated about the matter, he volunteered the information that his miraculously good health was due to his bathing daily in the Fountain of Perpetual Youth.

"I discovered the famous 'fountain' fifty years ago," he explained, "and I have bathed in it summer and winter since that time."

Curious to learn more of the alleged reality of a long-supposed mythical spring, I called upon Dr. Smith a short time afterwards in his home at Rahway, N. J., and found him to be a most interesting character. The notion I had had up to this time of how a centenarian must look in his home was immediately shattered when a maid led me to Dr. Smith's study, for there, instead of finding an old man leaning back in an armed rocking-chair, bolstered up with soft pillows, and his feet mounted on a hassock, I was pleasantly greeted by a young old man, who sat upright on an ordinary straight-backed wooden-seated chair without arms or cushion. His legs were carelessly crossed, and as he invited me to sit in a near-by rocker, he took a puff at an "all-tobacco cigarette," pausing suddenly to ask me if I objected to the smoke. Feeling certain that a person of the doctor's years must be as deaf as a post, I shouted back that I was quite fond of tobacco myself, when to my further surprise Dr. Smith smiled and told me good-naturedly that I was not obliged to speak so loudly, as he was not in the least bit deaf.

DR. SMITH, AGED 126 YEARS, WHO DISCOVERED THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

I discovered that the old physician is the leader of what is practically a sect, the members of which are of both sexes and of all ages. Among themselves they are known as the Coöperative Medical Association, but outsiders usually speak of them as the "Perpetual Youths." The question of religion has nothing to do with the "Perpetual Youths" as a body. They are all of the farming and shopkeeping element, and they pursue their avocations like ordinary citizens. Once every year they drive in parties with their leaders to the "fountain," and bathe there without any sort of religious ceremony.

They never patronize any physician except themselves. I obtained a list of the names of the "Perpetual Youths," and called upon a dozen at their homes. On these visits I found that, as a rule, the people were young for the ages they gave me, that nearly all of the women had rosy cheeks, and that half of the men were similarly blessed. In the families with whom I was invited to dine I found all the members to have vigorous appetites, and that they ate of only the most wholesome victuals.

None of the "Perpetual Youths" did I find to be of less than average intelligence, and they all spoke like well-read people on the subject of physiology. They told me that they had become disciples of the old doctor only when he had brought to the "fountain" either a member of their

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own household or one of their relatives, and the person had been cured by the peculiar waters. It appears also that in addition to giving people a feeling of renewed youth, they believe the water has the power to cure instantly various kinds of supposed incurable diseases.

One man I visited was a mail agent. He was an apparently intelligent man of about sixty, all the members of whose family were warm believers in the Fountain of Youth. "It was nineteen years ago," said this man, "that I first heard of the 'fountain.' I had been laid up in bed for two years with rheumatism, and had spent so much money in the vain hope of being cured, that when my wife proposed sending me to the 'fountain' I absolutely refused to sanction it. But my wife took matters into her own hands, often consulting with some friends of hers belonging to the Coöperative Medical Association, and they dragged me out of my bed, rolled me in a buffalo rug, and brought me to the 'fountain' in a carriage. It was a bitterly cold day in December when the party arrived there, and I was shivering so badly that I could not shout my renewed protests, although I felt it would be my instant death. Carrying me to the side of the brook, they began to undress me hurriedly, and I almost fainted when I saw the brook had ice formed in its little nooks.

A CONVERT BEING CARRIED TO THE FOUNTAIN.

"When I had nothing left on me but my underclothing, two of the men waded out with me and held me completely under water for some time, until I must have swallowed a quart of the water. Then they moved me about, still in the brook, but with my head above the surface of the water. After half an hour, when the water had begun to feel quite warm to me, the pair assisted me to the bank, and putting on me a pair of arctics, told me to run up and down as hard as I could. Forgetting all about my rheumatism in the excitement, I did as I was told. Then I was stripped of my wet garments and rubbed well with a towel, and just as true as I am standing here now, sir, my rheumatism was gone, and has never come back to me, and I felt as though I had been made over completely. Now I take a plunge in the brook every year, and I tell you it makes me feel like a young colt for the next twelve months."

This case I found to be but a specimen of a great number. When I started out I had supposed that I had been following up a new sort of "faith cure," but if these people are to be believed, not one of them had gone to the "fountain" originally except as pronounced skeptics.

The discovery of the "fountain" was quite accidental, so Dr. Smith told me. He had been practising medicine in New York City for a number of years, when, in 1851, his health broke down, and he retired to the country with the intention of spending there what he supposed would be the few remaining years of his life,—for he was then nearly seventy-nine years old. "I took up my residence as a permanent boarder with a farmer who lived near the village of Deans," said the old man, "thinking that a quiet rural life might tend to lengthen

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my life by a couple of years. My time I spent mostly in hunting in the Jersey mountains thereabouts, or else in fishing in one of the numerous brooks with which that district abounds.

"I had had very poor luck one fishing day—not having secured even a bite for many hours—so I determined to walk further up towards the source of the brook, thinking I might have already fished out all the trout in the stream below the point at which I had been casting my line in vain for such a long time.

"Let me make you understand here that for nearly four years before that I had been greatly troubled with rheumatism of the knees, and besides having my constitution worn out, my blood was in an impoverished condition. I always wore rubber boots when out fishing, so that I could stand in the water on the side of the brook without wetting my feet. I was usually cautious not to wet myself while fishing, but on the day in question I unconsciously stepped out so far that the brook reached above the tops of my boots. Ordinarily I would have at once left the water and hurried back to the farmhouse, but I had not yet succeeded in making any catch, and I knew the housewife was depending on my hooking a trout for supper. So there I remained, my legs getting wetter all the time.

"It was becoming quite dark when I at last did land a three-pounder, and waded back to the bank. I was soaked up to my thighs, the weather was quite cold, and the farmhouse was fully three miles off. I was naturally alarmed over the pickle which I was in, but having no other redress" (here the old doctor tapped me on the shoulder in a didn't-you-catch-on-to-the-pun manner, and continued)—"having no other redress, I simply had to foot it, feeling that the outcome would be for me a month's stay in bed, and wondering how in the world I was going to kill so much time."

The anticipated calamity did not follow, however, Dr. Smith went on to tell me; on the contrary, by the time he reached home, or the farmhouse, he was feeling in unusually good spirits. The day that followed was rainy, and as it was customary for him in wet weather to be almost unable to walk on account of his rheumatism, he was naturally much surprised when he found himself walking about the house without the least sensation of pain in his knees.

"All sorts of visions of the 'Ponce de Leon' and the 'Waters of Lethe' suddenly rushed to my head, and I felt so well that day that I resolved to take a plunge in the brook the very next day of sunny weather. I did so, and the effect was wonderful. My appetite increased, and I kept on bathing there every day for a month. I found my failing eyesight improving, I had a clear brain all the time, the crows' feet disappeared from about my eyes, and I ran about the woods with all the vivacity I used to have when I used to play cricket in my younger days. I suddenly remembered that when Ponce de Leon made his first search for the fountain of perpetual youth his Indian guides always pointed toward the north, and that he kept on and on until he was too weak to go farther, and he had to give up the search. The idea then struck me that Jersey was exactly north of Florida, and I asked myself if this was not the very fountain to which the Indians kept directing Ponce de Leon. The more I thought about the matter the more was I convinced that this was the place the Indians had reference to. Accordingly I named the brook the 'Fountain of Perpetual Youth.'"

The change in Dr. Smith was quickly noticed by the farmer and his wife, and when he told them it was due to his discovery of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, they laughed at him, and said it was all due to the country and to the wholesome food the farmer's wife prepared for him. Dr. Smith, however, was not to be shaken in his belief, so he kept bathing in the brook all the year round for several years before he made a single recruit. Then they came, only one or two a year, but now there are several hundred believers in the "fountain."

"The waters of the brook have been

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A BATH IN MIDWINTER.

subjected to analysis," replied the old physician to another of my questions, "but I have never been able to arrive at a fully conclusive opinion as to what its remarkable properties are due. For one reason, the water is at once arsenious and sulphurous. All the sources of the brook are in virgin soil, and a varied combination of juices of herbs and weeds is also found in the water. It is probably all attributable to a curious freak of Dame Nature."

In addition to the regular devotees at the shrine of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, who, as previously intimated, bathe in the waters only once a year as a rule, there are scores of other pilgrims from different parts of North America who come there under Dr. Smith's care throughout the year. It should be observed here that neither Dr. Smith nor his sect ever make any attempt to let the outside world know of their "fountain," and their recruits are made always among their own relatives and friends. They never invite strangers and they never advertise, for they fear public ridicule for their belief. These out-of-town pilgrims are therefore friends or relatives of the "Perpetual Youths."

Most of these pilgrims are people afflicted with rheumatism and partial paralysis, fits, skin diseases, weak blood, etc., and some are consumptive and anæmic people. The majority of them are women. There was a party of pilgrims about to start for the "fountain" at the time when I visited Dr. Smith, and at his invitation I decided to accompany them.

The getting to the "fountain" was not productive of any incidents worth describing. There was the helping on and off of the two weak men before the train started and as it pulled up at Deans. Then the loading of the wagons and the slow drive through the woods, until we arrived at the water.

A little old farmhouse stands near the side of the brook. It is owned by one of the "Perpetual Youths," and is used as a dressing-room by the bathers. I was the only one of the party who had not come to enter the water, and as the others went into the farmhouse, I walked about to examine the "fountain."

It proved to be a rapidly running brook about ten feet in width at its widest, with shallow banks, and evidently about four feet deep in the centre. The bottom of the stream

INVALIDS BEING ASSISTED INTO THE POOL.

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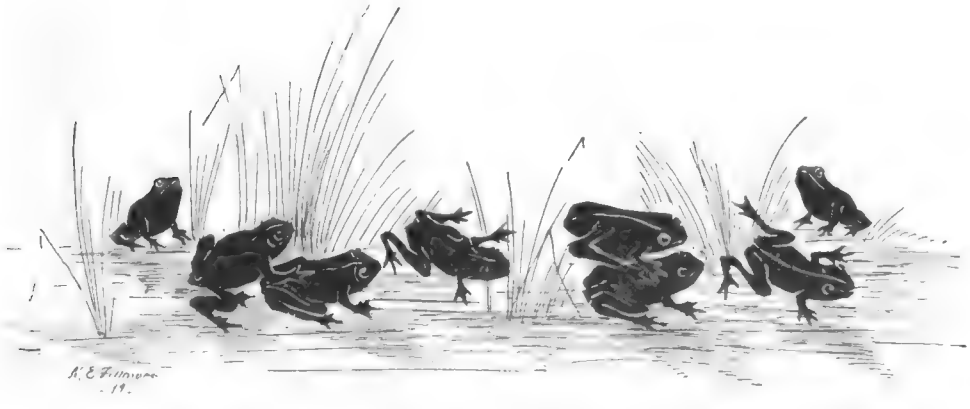
was covered with gravel, and the water was as clear as glass. Just above the spot at which the bathing takes place is a narrow waterfall of nearly twenty-five feet, and the appearance of the tiny stream slipping down through the big rocks makes the title of "fountain" not so very inappropriate.

By this time the pilgrims were ready for their bath, and as they came over to where I sat on a huge boulder, I saw that they were each attired in a suit of heavy woollen underclothing, with a pair of arctics on the feet. Each woman wore, in addition, a short petticoat reaching to her knees, and some of the men wore old trousers. As they followed the leadership of Dr. Smith to the brook they waded in without any more ceremony than that accompanying a party of bathers in the tank of a swimming school. With the exception of the two elderly men, who were too weak to move in the water unsupported, the whole party walked about and ducked their heads for half an hour. After this they ran up and down on the dry ground between the farmhouse and the "fountain," some of them with mackintoshes thrown over their shoulders, but most of them in their wet underclothing, as Dr. Smith told them this was the better way if they would stand discomfort. As far as the two weak men were concerned, they were helped about through the water and were assisted afterwards in walking up and down like the others. Ten minutes later the whole party went indoors and were rubbed vigorously with coarse towels, after which they resumed their outer garments, and were ready for the dinner prepared for them before their return home.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss the cause of the benefit which the pilgrims declare they received. It may have been "faith cure"; the pilgrims may have been only shamming, although I am not inclined to believe they were; or it may have been a hundred other things. Let the scientists render the decision.



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By Arthur Beaumont.

Dramatis Personæ.

Little Snow-white (*the King's daughter*).	Kaspar the Huntsman.
The Queen (*her stepmother*).	Attendant on Prince.
The Seven Little Dwarfs.	Page.
The Prince.	

SCENE I.

Queen *in her boudoir, seated before the Mirror, with box of jewels open before her. She tries on a necklace.*

Queen. How beautiful I am! No one can deny that I am the most beautiful lady in the land! The King, my husband, showed his taste when he chose me to be his wife! How he must thank Heaven every day for his good fortune! Any one can see at a glance that Nature intended me to be a Queen—not like that ridiculous girl who was his first wife—she never looked like anything but a milkmaid! I will consult my Mirror—my Mirror always tells the truth.

O Mirror, Mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?

Mirror. Thou wert the fairest, Lady Queen,
Snow-white is fairest now, I ween.

Queen. What is this I hear? Little Snow-white! Insignificant little chit! *She* more beautiful than I! No, I cannot believe it! It is too absurd! But my Mirror cannot be mistaken. (*Jumps up, and walks about.*) I will not have it! (*Stamps.*) Little Snow-white, indeed! Little wax doll, with glass eyes, and tow for hair! It shall not be so! (*Rings; enter* Page.) Tell Kaspar the Huntsman to come here immediately. (*Exit* Page.) Little Snow-white, indeed! I'll soon settle that! We shall see who will be the fairest!

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(*Enter* HUNTSMAN.)

QUEEN. Kaspar, go this instant and take little Snow-white out into the forest; kill her—do you hear me?—kill her, and cut out her heart, and bring it back to me.

HUNTSMAN. Madam!

QUEEN. Well, what is it? Are you deaf? Did you not understand what I said?

HUNTSMAN. N—no, your Majesty, I think not.

QUEEN. Well, I spoke plainly enough! Take her, I say, and kill her—*kill* her!

HUNTSMAN. But, Madam, the King—her father——

QUEEN. Fellow! Do you not suppose I shall know how to explain it to him? Go at once, and do my bidding!

HUNTSMAN. Madam, I could not do it.

QUEEN. How! You *could* not! Do you dare to disobey me? Wretch! Do you think I shall not find means to make you obey me? Do you not know that I can have you cut in small pieces to-morrow for your dogs to eat? (*Stamps.*)

HUNTSMAN. Madam, I go. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

A wood. Enter KASPAR *and* SNOW-WHITE, *with dogs.*

SNOW-WHITE. Where are we going, Kaspar?

KASPAR. That I should have been chosen for such an errand! I would rather ten thousand times go away into the forest with this poor child, and never be heard of again—but, alas! I have children of my own; what will become of them if I disobey the Queen?

"KASPAR, GO THIS INSTANT AND KILL SNOW-WHITE!"

SNOW-WHITE. Are we going to look for strawberries?

KASPAR. No; there are no strawberries.

SNOW-WHITE. Kaspar, why do you look so stern? Have I done anything wrong? Has the Queen sent you to punish me?

KASPAR. No, dear Princess, you have done nothing.

SNOW-WHITE. Then, why are you angry? Oh, Kaspar, take me home again! I am afraid of this dark wood! (*Clinging to his hand.*)

KASPAR. There is no help for it. (*Takes out his knife.*)

SNOW-WHITE. Kaspar, what are you going to do?

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"OH, KASPAR, TAKE ME HOME AGAIN! I'M AFRAID!"

KASPAR. Princess, the Queen has commanded me—I cannot disobey her——

SNOW-WHITE. Oh, Kaspar, you are not going to kill me!

KASPAR. Oh, that I had never been born!

SNOW-WHITE. Oh, dear Kaspar, let me live! Do not kill me! I will run away into the forest, and never come back again!

KASPAR. I cannot do it!

SNOW-WHITE. Dear Kaspar, do not kill me! Let me go. (*Weeping.*)

KASPAR. Run away, then, poor child, and may Heaven protect and save you. (*Exit* SNOW-WHITE.) The wild beasts will soon devour her. I shall catch a wild rabbit, and cut out its heart, and take it to the Queen. (*Calls to dogs. Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.

Interior of the DWARFS' *Cottage. Seven little beds in a row against the wall. A table, with supper laid out for seven. Seven little stools. Lamp, with matches, on table. (During this scene the lights should be turned down by degrees, until it becomes dark.) Knock at the door. A pause. Enter* SNOW-WHITE.

SNOW-WHITE. There is no one in. Oh, what a charming little house! (*Looks round.*) Surely it can be no harm to come in! (*Sits.*) I am so tired! Who can live here, I wonder? There are seven of them, it appears. (*Looking at table.*) Oh, how hungry I am! Could it be wrong to eat a little bit of their supper? I will take a little bit from each plate; then, perhaps, they will not miss it. (*She does so, and drinks a little from each mug.*) It would not be fair to take all from one. Oh, now I feel better! Their fare is not so dainty as what I have been used to; but all the same, I never enjoyed a supper so much. (*Looks round.*) How tired I am, and how comfortable those little beds look! I think I'll lie

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down and go to sleep. (*She lies down. It now becomes dark. She sleeps. In a few minutes enter the* SEVEN DWARFS *with pickaxes and spades, which they set down in a corner.*)

1ST DWARF. How dark it is!

2ND DWARF. Where are the matches? (*One of them strikes a match and lights the lamp.*)

1ST DWARF. Who's been sitting on my chair?

2ND DWARF. Who's been eating off my plate?

3RD DWARF. Somebody's been drinking out of my mug!

4TH DWARF. Who's been using my fork?

5TH DWARF. Who's been cutting with my knife?

6TH DWARF. Who's been eating with my spoon?

7TH DWARF. But there's somebody sleeping in my bed! (*They all come round* SNOW-WHITE *and gaze at her, speechless with admiration.*)

1ST DWARF. How beautiful she is!

2ND DWARF. What perfect features!

3RD DWARF. What a lovely color!

4TH DWARF. What pretty hair!

5TH DWARF. What exquisitely shaped hands!

6TH DWARF. Who can she be?

7TH DWARF. She is richly dressed; she must be the daughter of some great man.

1ST DWARF. How can she have come here?

2ND DWARF. Poor child! how tired she looks!

3RD DWARF. If only we could see her eyes!

(SNOW-WHITE *wakes, sits up, and looks round, frightened.*)

1ST DWARF. Do not be afraid, sweet child; we are your friends.

SNOW-WHITE. Where am I? Oh, I remember now! And is this your house?

1ST DWARF. Yes, we live here.

SNOW-WHITE. It was so rude of me to come in without being asked!

1ST DWARF. Not at all, when there was no one to ask you! If we had been here, we should have asked you to come in.

"NOW I'LL WAGER NO ONE WILL RECOGNIZE THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN."

2ND DWARF. But how have you come here alone?

SNOW-WHITE. My stepmother was angry with me, so she told the Huntsman to take me out into the wood and kill me, but he let me go, so I came here.

3RD DWARF. Are you the King's daughter?

SNOW-WHITE. Yes.

2ND DWARF. And your stepmother is the wicked Queen?

1ST DWARF. Will you stay here and live with us, and keep house for us, and cook our supper while we are out?

SNOW-WHITE. Yes, that I will, and gladly! (*Exclamations of satisfaction from* DWARFS.)

1ST DWARF. But be sure you don't let any one in while we're out; we go out every day to dig for ore; for your stepmother will be sure to find out where you are, and to send after you and try to do you some harm.

SNOW-WHITE. I will be very careful.

2ND DWARF. Well, hadn't we better have our supper now? I'm famished! (*They prepare to sit down to supper.*)

CURTAIN.

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SCENE IV.

QUEEN *at Mirror, decorating herself with jewels.*

QUEEN. There can be no question *now* as to who is the fairest, I think. We shall have no more trouble with that little minx of a Snow-white. "Snow-white is fairest," indeed! I will see what my Mirror says now.

O Mirror, Mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?

MIRROR. Thou wert the fairest, Lady Queen,
Snow-white is fairest now, I ween;
Amid the forest, dark and green,
She lives with Dwarfs—the hills between.

QUEEN. What is this I hear? Snow-white living! That villain of a Huntsman has deceived me! I will have his head cut off to-morrow. Snow-white living *still!* In the forest! With Dwarfs! Who could have thought of such a thing? It shall not be! (*Jumps up.*) She shall not live another day! I will find some means—(*thinks for a few minutes*). I have it. (*Pauses, then goes to wardrobe and searches; brings out a long cloak and puts it on; takes off jewels and ornaments.*) This will just do. (*Looking at herself in glass.*) Now, if I could find one of my grandmother's old caps. (*Rummages in drawers, throwing contents out on floor.*) Here is one. (*Puts it on.*) Now, all I need are some touches of paint. (*Gets out some paint-pots, puts a little red on her nose and cheeks, paints out her eyebrows and some of her front teeth, puts in a few wrinkles.*) Now, some bands of gray hair. (*Her disguise completed, she rises and bows to the audience.*) Now I'll wager that no one will recognize the beautiful Queen. All I need now is a basket of fal-lals. (*Finds a basket and fills it with trifles; puts it on her arm.*) Who'll buy, who'll buy my pretty things? Come down, my pretty maids, and choose what you please. Here you'll find all that will suit you—laces, pins and needles, brooches, buttons, ribbons. Make haste, or there'll be none left.

CURTAIN.

SCENE V.

Interior of DWARFS' *cottage.* SNOW-WHITE *preparing table for dinner.*

QUEEN (*outside, in an assumed voice*). My pretty maiden, come and see what I have to sell. (SNOW-WHITE *goes to window and looks out.*)

SNOW-WHITE. It's a pedlar-woman.

QUEEN. Laces, combs and brushes, trinkets, handkerchiefs!

SNOW-WHITE. The Dwarfs said I must not let any one in.

QUEEN. Won't you come and have a look?

SNOW-WHITE (*to* QUEEN, *at window*). I must not let any one in.

QUEEN. But won't you just come to the door and look at my pretty things?

SNOW-WHITE. She seems a nice old woman. It can be no harm to go to the door and look at her things. (*Goes to door and opens it a crack.*) What are you selling?

QUEEN. Everything, my dear! Everything you can possibly want! Look, here are pretty ribbons to tie up your hair——

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"IS THAT TOO TIGHT FOR YOU?"

SNOW-WHITE. But I mustn't let any one in.

QUEEN. But I needn't come in at all, my dear. (*She keeps pushing the door wider open, by degrees, with her basket, as she talks.*) Here are nice laces, just the thing for you. And if you'll excuse my saying so, my dear, it's a pity to see a pretty girl like you so badly laced. (SNOW-WHITE *looks at her bodice. Enter* QUEEN, *disguised.*) Won't you allow me to try if I can't smarten you up a bit? You've no idea how nice you'd look, if you were properly laced! A few pretty ribbons in your hair, too, and a brooch at your neck! (*She proceeds to unlace* SNOW-WHITE, *and to lace her up again, as tightly as possible.*) Are you sure there's nothing else you're in need of, my dear? I have all sorts of things in my basket.

SNOW-WHITE. Oh!

QUEEN. Is that too tight for you? I'll make it a little looser. (*Pulls the lace tighter.* SNOW-WHITE *falls fainting on one of the beds.* QUEEN *pulls the lace tighter still.*) Now, I think I've done for you this time, my child! Snow-white the fairest, indeed! With her little pink and white baby face! We'll see what the Mirror says *now!* Little Snow-white, indeed! We'll have no more trouble with little Snow-white! The Dwarfs will have something to do to wake her out of *that* sleep! (*Exit. After some minutes enter* DWARFS, *with pickaxes and shovels.*)

DWARFS. What has happened to Snow-white?

3RD DWARF. She is dead!

2ND DWARF. No, she isn't; she's only fainting.

4TH DWARF. Somebody must have been here!

1ST DWARF. This is the Queen's doing, I'll wager!

3RD DWARF. Throw some water on her face!

1ST DWARF. See how tightly she's laced. (*Opens laces.* SNOW-WHITE *begins to revive.*)

2ND DWARF. Ha! she's coming to. (*She opens her eyes.*)

SNOW-WHITE. Oh! give me air!

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1ST DWARF. Open the window. (*One of the* DWARFS *opens window.* SNOW-WHITE *looks round bewildered.*) Who laced you up so tightly, Snow-white?

SNOW-WHITE. It was a pedlar-woman, who came with a basket of pretty things to sell.

1ST DWARF. But, Snow-white, why did you let her in? We told you not to admit any one.

SNOW-WHITE. So you did; but she insisted on my looking at her things; and, before I knew it, she had come in.

1ST DWARF. You may be sure it was the Queen herself, and no pedlar-woman! Now, whatever you do, Snow-white, don't let *any one* in for the future, man, woman, or child! You know how clever your stepmother is, and as long as she lives you may be sure she'll find some way of doing you harm.

SNOW-WHITE. I'll remember

CURTAIN.

SCENE VI.

The same. SNOW-WHITE *sitting sewing. She lays down her work.*

SNOW-WHITE. Oh, dear! How dull it is, sitting here all day! How I wish I had some one to talk to! (*Tap at window. She goes and looks out.*) It's a poor beggar.

QUEEN (*outside*). Anything you could give to a poor old man, my dear? Haven't broken my fast to-day!

SNOW-WHITE. Poor old man! (*Goes to press to look for scraps; takes out some crusts, and gives them to him at the door.*)

QUEEN. May Heaven reward your kind heart! (*Shivering.*) Oh, how cold it is to-day! Would you believe it, my dear, I've walked twenty miles to-day, and nobody has asked me to come in and warm myself!

"I'M A POOR PEDLAR, AND I'VE HAD NO LUCK TO-DAY."

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SNOW-WHITE. Poor man, I'm so sorry for you! But I have strict orders not to let any one in.

QUEEN. You're quite right, my dear; there are so many tramps and vagabonds about just now——

SNOW-WHITE. Wait a minute, and I'll give you some nice warm soup. (*Shuts the door, and goes to other end of the stage; pours some soup into a basin and returns and gives it to* QUEEN.)

QUEEN. A blessing on your kind heart, and on your pretty eyes! (SNOW-WHITE *shuts the door, and returns to her sewing.*)

SNOW-WHITE. Poor old man! could it be any harm to ask him to come in and sit by the fire? It is so cold outside! (*Knock at door. She goes to door and opens it a crack.*)

QUEEN. I'm an honest man, my dear, and here's your spoon and your basin. And to show you that I'm grateful as well as honest, I'll ask you to choose something out of my pack—for I'm a poor pedlar, as you see, and I've had no luck at all to-day, else I wouldn't be reduced to begging. (*Pushes door open and enters. She is disguised as an old man, with gray hair and beard, slouch hat, black patch over one eye, crutch, pack strapped to shoulders, which she opens and spreads out.*) Now, what would you like? Here are earrings, and buckles, and shoe-strings, and needles and threads —I see you're an industrious girl——

SNOW-WHITE. I think I mustn't take anything, thank you; the Dwarfs told me not to let any one in.

QUEEN. What, nothing at all? That's too bad of you! I'd take it as a favor if you'd only choose something! What harm could a poor old man like me do you? Now, here's a comb that would just suit you—let me show you how to wear it. (*Sticks it in* SNOW-WHITE'S *hair. She falls, apparently dead.*) Aha, my pretty one! I think I've done for you *this* time! You and your Dwarfs think you're very clever, but you're no match for *me!* You didn't know your own mammie! You thought I was an old *pedlar!* (*Crouching and shivering.*) And as it's so cold, I may just as well warm my hands at the fire. (*Goes to fire and warms her hands. Looks around.*) Nice place this for the King's daughter to live in! King's daughter, indeed! The King thinks she's dead and buried long ago! She keeps it pretty tidy, too; she evidently takes to the work—just shows what kind of stock she comes of! Perhaps it would be as well to clear out—if the Dwarfs were to come home, I might be just a little *de trop.* (*Goes towards door. Stops to look at* SNOW-WHITE.) Who's the fairest *now*, I wonder? I'll go home and ask my Mirror's opinion. Good-by, my dear daughter! (*Exit. After a few minutes, enter* DWARFS.)

1ST DWARF. What's this? That wicked woman has been here again! (*They gather round* SNOW-WHITE, *unlace her dress, and do all they can to restore her.*)

1ST DWARF. Alas! alas! I fear there is no hope! She has been too successful this time. (*They all begin to weep and lament.*)

ALL. What shall we do! What shall we do!

1ST DWARF. We will keep her as she is for a few days; perhaps we may yet restore her to life. (*All weep and cry aloud.*)

CURTAIN.

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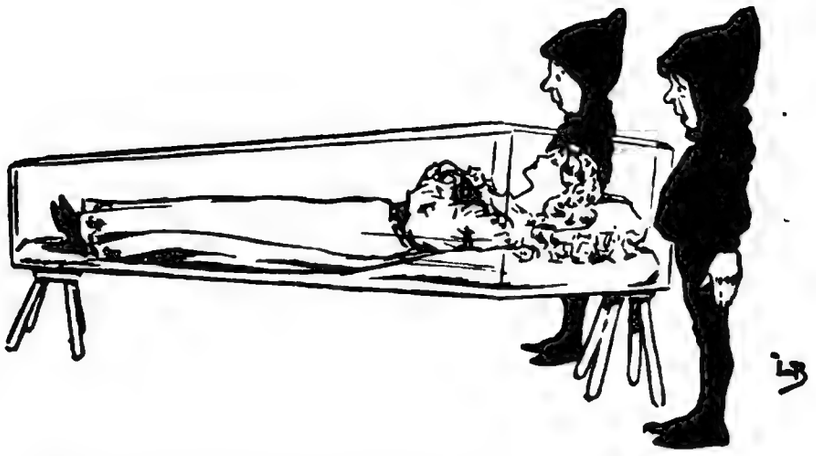

SNOW-WHITE LAID OUT IN A GLASS COFFIN WITH WHITE FLOWERS.

SCENE VII.

SNOW-WHITE *laid out in glass coffin, with white flowers. Two* DWARFS *in charge. Knock at door. One of the* DWARFS *opens it. Enter* PRINCE, *with attendant.*

PRINCE. Good sirs, we have lost our way in the forest. We have come to pray for your hospitality.

DWARF. You are welcome, gentlemen.

PRINCE. Thanks, kind sir. But who is this lovely creature?

ATTENDANT (*approaching coffin*). She's A1, whoever she is!

DWARFS (*springing forward*). You shall not touch her!

ATTENDANT. Touch her! How could I, when she is in a glass box!

PRINCE. Will you not inform us who she is, that we may weep with you?

1ST DWARF. She is the King's daughter.

PRINCE. The King's daughter! And how came she here?

1ST DWARF. By the wicked cruelty of her stepmother, the Queen, who tried to kill her, and has killed her, alas!

PRINCE. But are you quite sure that she is dead? I do not think she is.

1ST DWARF. She has lain there for six days.

PRINCE. Will you allow me to open the lid of the coffin, that I may see?

1ST DWARF. You will not harm her?

PRINCE. No, no! (*Opens lid and lifts up* SNOW-WHITE. *The comb falls from her hair; she begins to revive. He lifts her out of the coffin and places her on one of the beds; rubs her hands, etc. She opens her eyes, sits up, and looks at him.*)

DWARFS. Thank Heaven, she is alive again!

PRINCE. Thank Heaven!

SNOW-WHITE (*to* PRINCE). Who are you?

PRINCE. I am a King's son; I was hunting in the forest, and lost my way.

SNOW-WHITE. Oh, I remember now; an old man came begging, and he stuck a comb in my hair, and then I fainted.

2ND DWARF. The old man was no other than your stepmother! The comb was poisoned. That woman is clever enough for anything!

PRINCE. It is not safe for you to stay here, within reach of that wicked woman. Will you come with me, and be my bride? I will take care that no harm shall befall you. There is nothing that I will not do to make you happy!

SNOW-WHITE. Yes; that I will, and gladly! (PRINCE *kisses her hand.*)

CURTAIN.

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LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

(FORMERLY MISS JENNIE JEROME OF NEW YORK), EDITOR OF "THE ANGLO-SAXON."

YOU DON'T MIND MY FINISHING MY LETTER?

LET ME THINK. YOU WANT TO SEE THE NEW QUARTERLY?

YOU KNOW I'VE REFUSED EVERY REQUEST FOR AN INTERVIEW EXCEPT YOURS.

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I BELIEVE "THE ANGLO-SAXON" WILL PROVE A BIG SUCCESS.

OF COURSE IT IS AN INNOVATION CHARGING SO HIGH A PRICE.

BUT EVERYTHING IS ON A SUMPTUOUS SCALE INSIDE AND OUT.

PETS? OH, YES. BUT I THINK THESE TWO LITTLE BLACK PUGS ARE MY FAVORITES. AREN'T THEY QUAINT LITTLE CHAPS?

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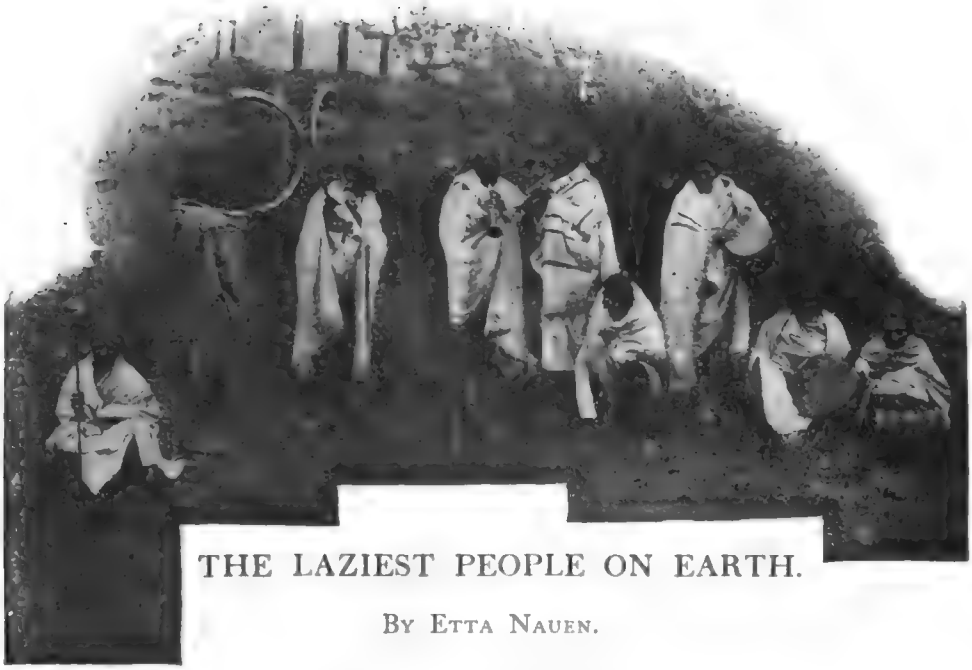

THE LAZIEST PEOPLE ON EARTH.

By Etta Nauen.

"They toil not, neither do they spin."

If you would learn how to be busy doing nothing, and how to make a living without earning it, take a trip to Ootacamund and study the ways of the Todas, who have a "mund" or village close to Sylkh's Hotel. You may do so confidently, for "Ooty" is quite a sanatorium for Europeans—the summer headquarters of the Governor of Madras and the rank and fashion of the Presidency. But for those to whom a trip to India is almost as impossible as a journey to the moon, and who cannot, therefore, see the Todas in their own environment, the following description may be interesting, and form a pleasant contrast to all that has been recently written about the warlike tribes of Northern India.

The Todas are essentially a peaceful, pastoral, and agricultural people, who spend their lives in a perpetual "dolce far niente" amidst the lovely scenery of the Nilgiri (blue) Hills. They make no effort to cultivate the land, but are entitled "lords of the soil," not only on account of their self-assertion and independent bearing, but because of their practice of levying "gúdú," or tribute in kind, on the Bodighars, who regard them with superstitious veneration. The Government has, in a way, countenanced the Todas' claims to lordship over the plateau by paying them quit-rent for certain lands in Ootacamund and Coonoor. Apart from this, they depend entirely on their herds of buffaloes for support.

The Todas are most attractive, both as to manner and appearance. They are amiable, laughter-loving, and fearless in character; tall, well-proportioned, and athletic in person. Their dress consists of a single coarse cloth, which is, at the outset, white, with a few bars of color at either end. The men wear it as a sort of "toga," which, however, leaves the legs bare, and is disposed about the person like a Highlander's plaid. They also wear a waistcloth or "kúvú."

The costume of the women is much the same as that of the men, though not quite so gracefully worn, and covers the entire person from shoulder to ankle. The fair Todas are by no means indifferent to outward appearance, and are as fond of jewelry as their sisters all the world over. They generally wear two brass armlets on

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one arm, which weigh about five pounds, and are called "túrvago"; necklaces of twisted hair or black thread with silver clasps, and ornamented with beads or bunches of cowrie shells, and sometimes a silver chain besides. Their wrists are encircled by bracelets, and rings bedeck both fingers and thumbs. A silver chain is sometimes worn round the waist, to which is attached a small silver box which opens with a screw and is used as a purse. Might not American ladies take a hint from the Toda women and save themselves that harassing search for their pockets?

Though fond of outward adornment, the Todas have not yet learnt that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and limit their ablutions to the teeth, like many other savage tribes. A luxuriant crop of hair is their chief pride, so that a comb is a valued possession. The dressing of the hair is by far the most elaborate feature in the toilet of Toda beauties, and, according Mr. Netz, who was well acquainted with their habits, much time is occupied every evening in curling their ringlets on long sticks. The desire of the Toda women to produce artificially the ringlets denied them by nature may perhaps be worth the attention of ethnologists, for the fashion of curling the hair is probably but an imitation of some superior (and curly-haired) race with whom their ancestors were familiar.

THIS IS A TODA MAN. THE TODAS LIVE IN INDIA, AT A PLACE CALLED OOTACAMUND, WHICH IS THE SUMMER HEADQUARTERS OF THE GOVERNOR OF MADRAS.

The Todas practise polyandry, one woman usually marrying all the brothers of a family. Early betrothals are common, and an interchange of buffaloes takes the place of an engagement ring. There is no special marriage ceremony; the woman merely bows down before her husband, who places his foot on her head. She then performs some simple household duty, such as drawing water, or cooking food, and is duly installed as a wedded wife.

There are some curious rites and ceremonies connected with the birth of children, which the Todas can only explain as "mamul" or custom. For instance, when a child is born, a young buffalo calf is brought; the father takes three bamboo measures, and pours water from the third into the other two, holding them close to the hind quarters of the calf on the right side. This may possibly refer to the future supply of milk for the child's sustenance, milk, curds, "ghí," and various cereals forming the staple articles of food among the Todas.

Another quaint custom is as follows: The father and mother of a new-born child each take a leaf in their hands; water is poured over the leaf held by the father, and from it on to the one in the mother's hand; she drinks, and puts a drop into the child's mouth three times, after which mother and child are removed to a separate hut till the next new moon.

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The little Toda whose advent is thus strangely welcomed is not troubled upon arriving at years of discretion by the choice of a profession, for cattle-herding and dairy work are the sole occupations of Toda men, whilst the women perform household duties and work at a coarse kind of embroidery. For making articles of clothing they use Nelagora nettle thread and English needles.

Although games are not necessary to prevent the "dulness" supposed to ensue from overwork, they are entered into by the Todas with much energy and enjoyment. "Iláta," a variety of tip-cat, is played with a bat and a cylindrical piece of wood pointed at both ends, while a game called "kárealapim" resembles "puss-in-the-corner."

THIS IS A GROUP OF TODAS, OR "LORDS OF THE SOIL," AS THEY CALL THEMSELVES. THEY ARE A PASTORAL AND AGRICULTURAL PEOPLE, LAZY AND PEACEFUL, BUT QUITE FEARLESS.

Their only musical instrument is a kind of flute, called "buguri," made of a hollow bamboo with holes at intervals, and by no means melodious in tone. Their singing is remarkable for an entire absence of tune, and the system of voice production is original. They lean their heads on both hands, close their teeth, and make a droning nasal sound, closely resembling a snore. In fact, one of their songs is known as "Snori" (a most expressive title), or The Wedding Song, though this and every Toda song is without words. They nevertheless enjoy other music, for, at a picnic given last year at Ootacamund, one of the guests sang them some hymns and simple songs. Great was their joy on recognizing a tune which had been sung to them by Miss Ling, an English missionary lady, of whom they are very fond.

Miss Ling has for years devoted much of her time to this interesting tribe, has invented an alphabet of their language (there is no trace of any written character having ever been used by the Todas), and is now engaged in compiling a grammar, to enable her to teach them to read, and bring them within the reach of education and Christianity.

The stately Todas have a peculiar form of salutation, for a woman, when she meets a man, lifts his feet, first one and then the other, to her head, as she crouches before him; but in the case of an old woman, the ceremony is reversed, and she places her foot on the head of the man.

A death is the occasion of many strange ceremonies in a Toda mund. When a member of the community is thought to be "sick unto death," he is dressed in all the ornaments and jewelry of his house, and his friends' last office is to give him milk to drink. He is then wrapped in a

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new mantle, into the pockets of which a supply of grain, sugar, etc., is thoughtfully put for his use on the road to "Amnúr," the other country. A sufficient number of buffaloes are killed at each funeral "to supply the dead with milk in the other district," and the spirits of men and buffaloes are supposed to leap together from Múkarté Peak into Hades.

THE TODA WOMEN HAVE STRAIGHT HAIR, BUT THEY SPEND MUCH TIME IN TWISTING IT INTO CURLS. THAT AND CLEANING THEIR TEETH COMPRISE THEIR TOILET AND DAY'S WORK.

The funeral ceremonies are most elaborate, but space will not permit me to describe them in detail. Suffice it to say that they are known as the "Green Funeral," which includes burial of the body, and takes place as soon as possible after death, and the "Dry Funeral," which is celebrated some months later, and may include all the members of the tribe deceased during the year.

But few problems of right and wrong, good and evil, present themselves during the monotonous course of a Toda's life, and we find no trace of the influence of a guiding or restraining power. Worship is confined to one material object—the sacred buffalo bell, which is hung round the neck of the best buffalo of the sacred herd, and is regarded as the representative of Hiriadéva, the chief god. They have, besides, quite a pantheon of presiding gods—one for each mund—but do not pray to them. Their only prayers are: "May all be well," "May the buffaloes be well." They nevertheless have five orders of priesthood, the highest being the Pálál, herdsman and priest combined, who exerts a powerful influence over the inhabitants of the mund. They believe that God dwells in the Pálál, and makes known his will to those who come to him for counsel.

Before a Toda enters the sacred calling of Pálál he is compelled to go through a period of probation in solitude, but at the end of his term of office may return to his home as an ordinary inhabitant of the village.

The milk of the sacred herd, which it is considered sacrilege to sell, is appropriated by the Pálál, who, in addition to this privilege, is the recipient of many propitiatory gifts from the timid Bodighars, who hold him in great awe, not only for his sanctity, but for his supposed acquaintance with the "black art." Such is the power of self-esteem!

For, if we follow the Toda through his peaceful, pastoral life, from the quaint ceremonials which herald his birth to the weird rites performed over his lifeless body, we shall find that he no more deserves the title of "Lord of the Soil" than does the Pálál his reputation as a master of the "black art." The Toda is, in fact, too indolent to exert himself; his favorite occupation is—doing nothing, and he does *that* well!

In the course of time these people have grown accustomed to the visits of curious strangers, whose appearance they at first resented. They offer no welcome, but passively indicate their friendliness.

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FARQUHAR OF THE "CRESCENT"

By Maud Churton and Horace Wyndham.

The editor of the *Crescent* frowned moodily as he plunged his blue pencil ruthlessly through paragraph after paragraph of the MS. sheets before him. It was already Wednesday evening, and, as they went to press on the morrow, he had to work rather against time. Consequently, the atmosphere of the office was somewhat sulphuric.

"I do wish those beggars wouldn't scamp their work so infernally!" he exclaimed, angrily. "I can never use more than half the rubbish that they have the impudence to send in."

"WHO IS TO BE THE VICTIM THIS TIME?"

As he spoke there was a knock at the door, and, in response to the editor's growling "Come in," a young man entered. He was a good-looking young fellow, of about eight-and-twenty apparently, with a clever face, and the bright, alert look of the thoroughly up-to-date journalist.

"Good evening," he remarked, nodding pleasantly. "Anything in my line to-night? I feel inclined for work."

George Henderson looked up from his desk. "That you, Farquhar?" he said wearily. "Yes, I can let you have a page this week. I want you to do your best with it. The circulation always falls slightly at this time of the year—I'm sure I don't know why. Let me have something good this time, by way of a change, you know. Something smart and snappy, like your 'Nostrums of a Novelist' and 'Minor Moralities,' for instance."

"All right. Who is to be the victim this time? I'm spoiling for slaughter just now."

"What a bloodthirsty fellow you are," returned the editor. "It's positively indecent! Let me see—give me a review of this book, will you? I haven't read it myself yet; I never have any time for this sort of thing, but I hear that the *Planet* people are gushing over it. You can take your cue from that, and slate it accordingly."

His companion glanced at the title carelessly. "Ah, 'Lilies of the Field.' Well, there's no striking amount of originality about the name at any rate. I

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rather think it is a plagiarism from one of the Gospels. Who is the gifted author, by the way? Reginald Denton? Can't say I've heard of him."

"A *nom-de-guerre*, I believe," answered the other. "I can tell you something about it, too. 'Reginald Denton' is a woman."

"Oh, come!—this is really too much of a good thing! I can't stand this phase of Newer Femininity; it gets on my nerves. When they take to annexing our masculine cognomens in this calm fashion, I must seriously think of calling myself 'Mary Jenkins,' or something of that sort, in self-defence. Well, good-night; you shall have the 'copy' by to-morrow morning."

THE COPY WAS DUE AT THE "CRESCENT" OFFICE NEXT MORNING.

At ten o'clock that evening Harold Farquhar commenced his task in his little room in Gower Street. His confident frame of mind had vanished, for, on perusal, the book had proved an agreeable surprise. It was strong and striking, and the treatment and conception particularly appealed to him. The writer had struck—with considerable success, he was fain to admit—a note of more than average interest, and it annoyed him that he should be instrumental in condemning good work. He was of an age when he had lost neither his hair nor his ideals, and consequently he rather prided himself on his critical impartiality.

"Confound it all!" he said to himself for the tenth time. "I shall have to slate it now, I suppose. I said I would, and Henderson evidently expects me to do so. Besides, those idiots on the *Planet* have raved over it, and that ought to be quite enough to decide any self-respecting member of the *Crescent* staff. Here goes, then—her blood be on her own head!"

Seizing a sheet of paper, he placed his pad on his knee, and settled down steadily to the work before him. Every now and again he paused, read over the last few lines, and laughed quietly to himself. When a couple of sheets were filled, he signed them at the bottom with his pen-name, and carefully blotted the concluding paragraph. As he did so he could not help smiling at the thought that, in making use of a pseudonym, he was doing the very thing against which he had so inveighed. But then in his case, he told himself, it was not with the idea of misleading any one as to his sex.

Since the "copy" was due at the *Crescent* office next morning, Farquhar put on his hat, and went out to post it at the corner of the street. As the MS. dropped with a dull thud into the mail-box, a sudden sense of remorse flashed upon him. The *Crescent* was by way of being a leader in literary matters—suppose his article did the book serious harm? It was a dis-

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agreeable thought. The writer was a woman, after all, and for the sake of another woman whom Harold Farquhar loved, the action was already hateful in his eyes. A woman—and he had struck at her in the dark! The idea made him feel very uncomfortable, and he acknowledged to himself that he would like to recall the review if he could. But it was too late; there was no help, and it must go.

He leaned against the mail-box, hesitating. Certain felicities of phrase which had pleased him in the novel recalled themselves importunately, together with the brutalities of his own review.

"Hang it all! I must be getting soft-headed in my old age," he muttered fiercely, as he strode the street. "I'm not bound to gush over every book that comes my way. Why should I cut up like this about it?"

But she was a woman, and the novel had been good. He could not forget it. Visions of 'Reginald Denton' weeping over next Saturday's *Crescent*, and refusing to be comforted, kept him awake that night. The incident haunted him with curious persistence all the next day.

On Saturday morning he woke up cross and irritable. "Thank goodness, I shall see Stella to-day," was his first thought, "and get out of this infernal Fleet Street atmosphere." But when, at five in the afternoon, he entered the little drawing-room of the flat in Denton Street where Stella Sutherland lived, the first thing he saw was the new number of the *Crescent* lying on a side-table. He threw it across the room. Hardly had he done so when the door opened and Stella herself came in.

She was *petite*, with a sweet, sensitive face and fair hair. To-day she looked very pale, and black shadows encircled her large, blue eyes. Farquhar crushed her in his arms as she entered, and kissed her fondly.

"It's good to see you again, my darling," he cried. "But what on earth is the matter, little girl? You're not looking cheerful at all. Are you ill?"

The girl buried her face on his shoulder, trying to control her voice before answering.

"No, I'm only miserable, Hal," she replied at length. "I'll tell you all about it. Where is that number of the *Crescent?* I want to show you something in it. Why, how did it get over there?"

"Sorry, darling," said Farquhar, apologetically. "I'm so sick of 'shop' to-day that the sight of a newspaper makes me wild. I was obliged to pitch it aside."

"But why should you object to the *Crescent?*" she asked. "You don't do any work for it, do you?"

"Oh, the editor gives me a column now and then," he answered, carelessly. "I look him up when I feel inclined."

A sudden light came into her eyes. "Then you can tell me who he is," she cried, clutching his arm. "Who is he, Hal—who is 'Northcote Boyd'?"

Turning over the leaves rapidly, she thrust the page he knew so well before him. Harold Farquhar saw his own review, headed "Dreary Drivel," and signed with his pseudonym of "Northcote Boyd."

The words danced before his eyes. A horrible foreboding was at his heart.

"Who is Northcote Boyd?" she repeated, passionately.

"I don't know, dear," he heard a strained voice saying. "It is probably a pseudonym—very few of the staff use their own names. What's it about, though?" he continued, more naturally. "Oh, I see—a very cruel attack on a new writer—'Reginald Denton.' Very bad taste, of course—but what does it matter to you, my dearest?"

"It matters a good deal to me," said Stella slowly, "because I—I am Reginald Denton. I took the name from Denton Street as a pseudonym. 'Lilies of the Field' is my work—the firstfruits of my pen. I wanted it to be a surprise for you, Hal, but it's all spoilt now—and I—I loved it so!"

She broke down and began to sob miserably.

"Good God! If I had known of this before," exclaimed Farquhar, as he soothed her in his arms. "You 'Reginald Den-

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ton!'—*you!* Oh, why didn't you tell me, child?"

"Yes, I ought to have told you," she answered, lifting a tear-stained face that wrung his very heart, "but I wanted it to be a surprise. I thought you would be so pleased and proud of me. I ought to have told you, of course, and you would have reviewed it for me, wouldn't you, Hal? And then I might even have gone into a second edition."

assail the work. Farquhar groaned as he heard, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. That he of all men should have done this thing!

"It seems to me pure malice," the trembling little voice went on. "What do you think of this concluding paragraph, for instance?"

The "Lilies of the Field" are scarcely likely to blossom in such feeble soil as this. If "Reginald Denton" will accept a well-meant word of counsel,

"WHO IS NORTHCOTE BOYD?" SHE REPEATED.

"No reason in the world why you shouldn't now," he said, trying to comfort her. "One bad review can't spoil a book—and the *Planet* was very eulogistic. Come, dear, you must cheer up about it."

"Ah, did you read that notice in the *Planet*, then?" She brightened involuntarily. "It made me ever so happy. But the *Crescent* is more influential. And at the very outset a review like this is enough to ruin a beginner's book. Just listen!"

She began to read aloud some of the passages in which he had laid himself out to

she—for the writer is misguided enough to seek to palm off her inanities under cover of a masculine cognomen—she will in future eschew the perilous paths of literature, and return perchance to the more fitting occupation of knitting socks, and other legitimate feminine pursuits.

"Cruel!" he could only mutter, desperately. "To hurt the sweetest little heart on earth! Never mind, dear. Try to forget the thing, and I will do my best to boom the book all round the clubs and everywhere. We'll show them that the *Crescent* is no good at all as a judge of literature."

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But the mischief had been done, the poison was working. Farquhar did not dream the effects of his review could be so far-reaching. Several lesser lights took their cue from it, and almost a dozen unfavorable notices appeared within three weeks, quite counteracting the few friendly criticisms which had led the way. From the day "Dreary Drivel" was published, the sale of "Lilies of the Field" grew less and less, until gradually it ceased to move altogether. He had killed the book!

"I wonder if Northcote Boyd is satisfied?" Stella said to him one day, with a dreary little smile. "I wonder if he realizes what a first book is to a young writer—the blood and tears which go to the making of every page. No one who has not produced a book can know what it means."

The pain in her voice made him wince. "Don't take it so to heart, dear," he implored. "You are far too sensitive about it. Do try and forget."

"You don't understand," she replied, turning wearily away. "You are a man—I suppose women feel more. I cannot forget—it was my heart, Hal! I worked at it day after day, and often half the night as well—every word of it was dear to me—I put my best into it! And now it has been killed by the pen of 'Northcote Boyd' and buried in two columns of the *Crescent*." She laughed hysterically, and the man told himself that his punishment was more than he could bear.

Nemesis had indeed overtaken Farquhar. His thoughtless action had been punished a thousand-fold, for not only did Stella take the affair to heart in an incredible degree, but to add to the torture which the sight of her grief occasioned him, he was continually haunted by the fear that, sooner or later, she would discover the hand that had struck her.

It made him shudder to think of it; and to-night the sense of impending calamity was stronger than ever, for Stella had asked him to take her to dine at Pinsuti's—the restaurant above all others patronized by the *Crescent* men. He would be certain to meet some one or other of them, and nothing seemed more likely than that by some fell mischance his identity with Northcote Boyd would be discovered.

Stella, however, had set her heart on the promised expedition. She was eager to see, at close quarters, the literary and artistic celebrities who foregathered there, and of whom he had so often spoken to her. Anything seemed worth while which helped to cheer her. Flinging prudence to the winds, he hailed a cab, and together they went down to Fleet Street.

For a time all was well. He chose a table in the most secluded corner of the room; there were no pressmen about as yet, and Stella was delighted with everything. She talked and laughed with all her old vivacity, and took the deepest interest in the people he pointed out. The *Crescent* men did not generally arrive before half-past eight or so; if they could get away before then all might yet be well. They had a delightful dinner, and Farquhar at length managed to shake off a little of his despondency.

Then came a portent of evil. A couple passed on their way out, engaged in animated conversation—a very handsome woman, dressed in a magnificent black and silver costume, and a man well known as a dramatic critic of eminence.

"But, my dear lady," he was saying, "consider—an editor is only a man after all!"

The woman looked back at him over a white shoulder.

"No journalist is a man," she laughed; "they are all charm-proof neuters!" Stella observed the effective play of her lashes. They did not catch his answer, but the lady's reply was quite distinct.

"Oh, you critics!" she added, with another silvery laugh. "Why, you're the worst of all. You would kill the book of the woman you had kissed an hour before, and think nothing of it."

A leaden weight seemed to fall on Farquhar's heart. He stole a glance at his companion, who had gone pale.

"I wonder if Northcote Boyd has ever killed where he has kissed?" she said wistfully.

He did not trust himself to answer, but

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calling the waiter, paid his bill and got up to leave. Almost as he did so the door opened, and the next moment one of his colleagues on the *Crescent* was coming toward them.

With a groan of despair Farquhar recognized the man. It was Harrington, the one above all others whom he was anxious to avoid, on account of his invariable habit of addressing him by his pseudonym.

"Come along," he exclaimed, hurriedly seizing Stella's cloak. "You can put this on outside. . . . A man I don't want to meet," he added in a lower tone, seeing her bewildered expression. "Quick, now!"

Stella hastened on as fast as she could. "Some dun or other, I suppose," she said, smiling. "Naughty boy!"

But Harrington had already noticed Farquhar, and hurried out of the room after him. Stella was a few steps in front, and he imagined Farquhar to be alone.

"Hullo, Northcote!" he called out, at the top of the stairs. "Hi, there, Northcote Boyd! You're in a deuce of a hurry!"

Stella flashed round in an instant.

"Who—where is Northcote Boyd?" she cried, wonderingly. "Where is he, Hal?"

Farquhar stood on the staircase between the two, his face ashen. There was no other man in sight. Her gaze swept the landing and returned to him.

"Harold?" she said.

"Er—I—" stammered the bewildered Harrington from the stair above.

Stella turned to him sharply. "Why did you call this gentleman 'Northcote Boyd'?" she asked in a low voice, looking fixedly at him. "I have a particular reason for asking."

"Er—a pen-name of his, madam," he replied in confusion; and then, *sotto voce*, when he saw the expression which came over her face. "Beastly sorry, if I've let anything out, Farquhar. Afraid I've put my foot in it."

Stella turned and passed on without a word. Farquhar's eyes were blazing.

The commissionaire hailed a hansom. For a second they stood waiting on the curb, but he dared not look at her. They had been going to the Lyceum, but now he gave the cabman the address in Denton Street instead.

No word was spoken during the short drive. Stella unlocked the door of the flat with her latch-key, and he followed her in silence to the drawing-room, turning on the electric light as he passed.

She sat down and faced him. Her white, quivering face was utterly pathetic.

"It—it's true?" she asked, swallowing painfully.

"God forgive me, darling," he stammered, "I——"

"Please go. I can't bear any more," she said simply. "I'll send you—your letters, and—and the ring."

"Stella!" he cried, imploringly. He had never dreamed of this. "Only listen to me—I never knew—I swear——"

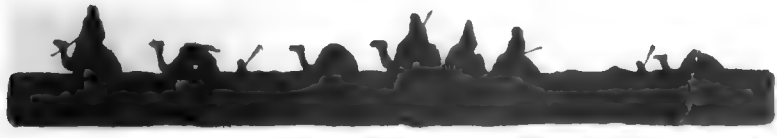
"Please leave me alone," she repeated, a piteous little break in her voice. "W—wont you do even *that* for me?"

"Is all our love to count for nothing?" he protested, vehemently.

A spasm of pain passed across her face. "It was all the world to me," she said slowly, "and I—I cannot love a liar and a coward."

"I will explain everything," he cried, passionately. "Stella! Stella! Only listen, only think—all our love against such a little thing. You can't really mean it?"

"It was not a little thing," she repeated, beneath her breath. "It was my heart."



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A CLOCK THAT WILL RUN CONTINUALLY WITHOUT WINDING.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.*

A "PERPETUAL" CLOCK.

THE ceaseless efforts of men and women to solve the problem of perpetual motion lead from time to time to the near perfection of amazing mechanical devices, amazing not only on account of the ambitious ideas which they embody, but for the immense amount of labor that their construction has involved. A picture is here presented of a clock recently made by Peter M. Ravenskilde, a jeweller of Cabery, Ill., and at one time a court jeweller in Denmark. It is claimed by the maker (who has taken out a patent covering his invention) and by his friends that this clock will run continually without winding. The motive power in this case is not supplied in the usual way by a spring, but by a wheel 60 inches in circumference. Attached to the rim of the wheel are 128 miniature buckets about one-third of an inch in depth. Of these cups there are 40 on one side which are kept continually loaded with tiny steel balls. The weight of these balls puts the wheel in motion, a complete revolution being made in three hours and twelve minutes. Every minute and a half one of the weights drops from its cup automatically, and, rolling down an inclined plane 20 inches long, falls into a receiver. Its weight operates a lever which starts the ball on its journey up a yet steeper incline, until it finally reaches the top of the wheel once more, and becomes again a factor in the motive force.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN AMERICA.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES.

The most venerable residence in the United States is situated on St. Francis

* We shall be glad to receive contributions to this section, to be paid for at our usual rates.—ED. E. M.

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Street, St. Augustine, Fla. The house was constructed by the French Huguenots who went there in 1562 with Jean Ribault. From 1565 to 1580 it was occupied by the monks of St. Francis. Ten years later it became the property of a deputy of the Spanish Government, and it remained in the possession of the same family until 1882, when it was purchased by its present owner, Dr. C. P. Carver.

PUNISHMENT BY FLOGGING.

Delaware Prison is one of the few places in the civilized world where the punishment of criminal offenders by public flogging is still in vogue. The prisoners await the penalty in the stocks, which are reached by a ladder leading to a little platform above the whipping-post. Our photographs show the dreaded lash being administered and the agonized contortions of the culprit immediately upon his release. Whatever objections may be raised against this form of punishment on the ground of barbarity, there can be no question as to the salutary effect which the fear of the lash has upon the morals of the community.

THE STOCKS, DELAWARE PRISON.

A PUBLIC FLOGGING.

A SPITE FENCE.

The fence shown in the accompanying illustration was erected by a property owner in Cincinnati as a protest against the exact location of the neighboring building. The fence being some fifteen feet in height, had the effect of cutting off the light from the side windows of the house and also of entirely obstructing the view from them. The owners raised the objection with the city authorities that the structure was a nuisance, a menace to public safety. The owner

AFTER THE PUNISHMENT.

Photos by J. C. Hemment.

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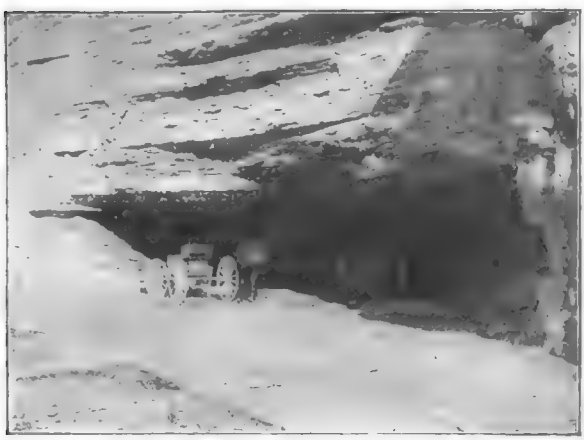
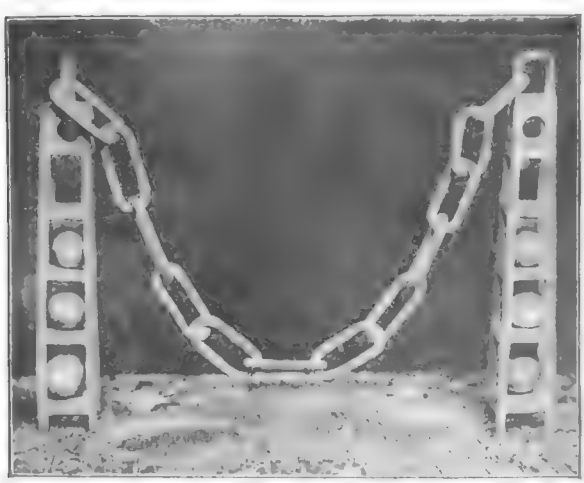
A SPITE FENCE.



A CAVE STABLE.



TWO DAYS' WORK WITH A PENKNIFE.

of the fence replied by adding fresh supports to the framework. Meanwhile an ordinance was passed making the building of spite fences illegal; but this one, having been already constructed, did not come within the scope of the new enactment, and still stands. As a result the owners of the building have been compelled to reduce the rent of flats upon that side of the building by nearly one-half.

EQUINE CAVE-DWELLERS.

Throughout the south of France, and elsewhere in the mountainous districts of Europe, it is the custom among the peasants to keep their ponies and mules stabled in the natural caves that abound, and here they live, during the periods of rest, in complete darkness and in a most unhealthy atmosphere. Our photograph shows a Kentucky cave-stable. This was artificially formed in the process of blasting away a portion of the cliff on Kentucky River, near the famous High Bridge, to make room for the dwelling of the lock-keeper. A large cavity was opened, which has since been utilized both as a stable and wagon-shed.

WHITTLING WORK.

Whittling work was, and still is to some extent, a fashionable occupation. All the materials required are some soft wood and a sharp pocket-knife. A remarkable example of what can be accomplished in this direction is shown in our photograph of the pillars and chain cut from the solid wood by Mr. R. R. Rockett, of Alvarado, Tex. The work was accomplished in less than two days.

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THE BROWN FROCK

By Percy Rudd.

At the period of which I write I was a lieutenant attached to the Court of Alexander Nikolaiovitch, Emperor of all the Russias, who was subsequently foully done to death on the very threshold of his brother's palace. All the world is acquainted with the story of this assassination, and of others that had been previously attempted upon the life of a ruler whose only fault was an ill-advised generosity; but it has been left for me, Stepan Kerdrof, an exile from my country and forgotten of my friends, to tell of a plot that surpassed all these in the ingenuity and daring of its conception.

* * * * * *

My first meeting with the Princess Lidi Briansky was the beginning of a great many things that came upon us all with bewildering swiftness. The Princess was an orphan, and lived at a large house on the Nevsky Prospect. She numbered among her friends many Court dignitaries, but it was said that I surpassed them all in the regularity of my visits. I will pass over the details of these visits, for who am I that I should attempt to tell of what experience alone can teach? Let it suffice that I learned to love, and not without success.

It was shortly after the announcement of my engagement to the Princess that the green-eyed monster, as your Shakespeare calls him, drew me into his grip. Lidi had, on several nights, forbidden me to go and see her, saying that she was engaged in other business. The nature of this business she obstinately refused to reveal, so I set myself to find out what my conscience told me I ought not to know.

From the servants I learned that, when I was forbidden the house, their mistress went out always alone. There their knowledge ended. I had to fill in the blanks as best I could. Disguised as a *muzhik*, I followed her one night from the glare of the Nevsky into the dim seclusion of the Bolshia Sadovae, and thence, by a succession of byways, to the squalid Nicholisky Pereulock. Here she turned off down a dark and narrow passage, with me still stepping silently in her footsteps. We came to a door upon which she rapped three times, swiftly and clearly. In a second the door had opened, and, acting on a sudden resolution, I boldly crossed the threshold. She started when she heard me, and bowed stiffly.

"Monsieur has silent feet," she said.

"And strange features," added the old hag who had let us in, peering savagely up into my face. "Perhaps he will give us the sign?"

A new light dawned upon me, and with

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it an inkling of the truth. I began to understand the danger of my position.

"To you I will give nothing," I said, with a fine air of contempt, "the Princess Briansky will have the sign from my lips, and shall be satisfied."

Lidi had started at the sound of my voice, which was purposely ill-concealed.

"You know me?" she queried.

"How well I can satisfy you," I answered, "if there are no other ears."

She signed to the woman to withdraw. I noted that we stood in a spacious hall, with no other inlet for daylight than a couple of unhandsome skylights, and devoid of any kind of furniture. On the left was a small door, by which the hag had departed, and which I presumed led to her apartments; on the right was a short corridor terminated by another door.

"PERHAPS MONSIEUR WILL GIVE US THE SIGN?"

"Perhaps you will explain your presence in this place?" I said to her, forgetfully, when we were alone.

"By what right do you presume to question me, sir?" she asked, indignantly.

"Who has more right than he who will call himself your husband?"

Then it was she remembered where she had heard that voice before, and the awakening came on her with such suddenness that she staggered back, and her face went red and white by turns. For a second there was a struggle within herself; then love had conquered, for her arms were around my neck, her head upon my shoulder.

"Oh, Stepan!" she sobbed, "why have you done this thing? Why have you followed me here?"

I remembered the object of my quest, and spoke sternly. "I have come to kill your lover."

She looked up smilingly through her tears. "*Nu*, Stepan, you are too young to die. I have no lover, no king but you. You would not kill yourself?" Then, becoming more serious, she went on: "But you are in danger here. You must go. Come, I will let you out."

"I do not go alone," I said.

"*Nu*, I cannot, must not go with you. I have work, hateful work to do. Why will you not trust me? Why do you not believe? See," she said, impulsively, pointing down the corridor, "there are men in there—men who hold their lives in their own hands. They would kill you just as they might crush a fly on the window-pane. Now will you go?"

The truth had come upon me by degrees, and I showed no emotion of surprise. I realized my danger, but love for the woman who stood by my side held me, so that I hesitated.

There were three sharp raps on the outer door, and, on the left, I could hear the returning hobble of the old woman.

"You see," I said, with affected carelessness, "I have gone too far in this to retreat now."

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Lidi shook herself free from my embrace, and I saw the muscles of her features tighten. She surveyed me rapidly, and then motioned me to follow. Her hand was on the door-knob at the end of the corridor when she spoke.

"You go in here as one of us. The issue of this adventure will depend upon your own good sense."

ski, and a German count, well known at Court, whom I had also met at the Princess Briansky's house. As I looked round this strange company I saw revealed many things that had hitherto been mysteries. In my dilemma I even drew consolation from the fact that there were others of rank and power who shared the misguided opinions of her who was to be

IT WAS A LONG, NARROW ROOM.

I bowed an assent, and we entered.

It was a long, narrow room, furnished in a profusion of luxuriance contrasting strangely with the bareness without. A table covered with dark-blue cloth, on which were spread a number of documents and plans, ran nearly the whole length of it; around it were seated some twenty people, talking in agitated whispers. Many of the faces were new to me, but I recognized the Countess Bonina, General Winow-

my wife, for I told myself that nothing in the world should take her from me.

The Princess introduced me as an Englishman who was "wanted" by the secret police, and upon whom necessity had thus forced a disguise. We had hardly taken our places with the rest, when the door again opened, and the man whose knock had forced me to this extremity entered. I was surprised to find that it was Lukitch, my immediately superior officer in the ser-

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vice of the Emperor. Assuredly the plot was thickening.

A silence fell upon the group when Lukitch shouted a boisterous good evening and threw off his heavy cloak. It was evident that some important news was expected. He sat down at the head of the table, remained a second or two as if in thought, and then his rich, melodious voice deposed the stillness that had reigned before.

"Sisters and brothers," he said, "the time draws near. To-morrow night the Emperor will play at cards. Winowski, Levin, and Kerdrof will play with him. I have here that which will enable me to play a different game in his room close by. It will be a game of life and death."

An audible murmur ran round the room, and, though I dared not look, I instinctively felt that Lidi shuddered. The Captain was holding a large bottle of chloroform in his hand, and of a sudden it came to my mind that he had the reputation of a clever scientist. His next words were quite in accordance with such a view.

"This is a drug," he said, showing us a small white packet, "of which I dare not even tell you the name. It is sufficient that it is cunningly compounded, so as to destroy the sense of smell. I have already told you that the Emperor will play cards to-morrow night, and that our friend Winowski will be among those who play with him. During the game the Emperor will drink wine—the drug is soluble in wine—and when it is over he must not smell so much as a flower's scent. My General, I commit this packet to your care. You understand?"

Winowski's face was set and hard. He bowed without sign of emotion.

Lukitch continued: "The Emperor will go to his room, where, you will remember, I shall have preceded him. He will take up the little brown frock he loves so well, and with which I and this bottle shall have had previous acquaintance. In the morning he will be found dead. The doctors will call it cardiac failure."

He looked round the room as if to seek for signs of approval. His eyes fell upon me.

"*Bozhe moï!*" he cried, jumping to his feet, and walking quickly toward me. "Whom have we here?"

Lidi told him, as she had told the others.

He peered keenly into my face, and I thought I saw him start.

"It is well!" he said, going back to his seat. "He may be of use."

I breathed more freely. But Lukitch had strode past his chair, and swung round on his heel, with his back to the door.

"Friends," he said, "we are honored. I am not the only attaché of the Emperor's household who is here to-night. There is one who is a spy among us."

A sharp little cry broke from the Princess, and she fell back in a faint. I saw that the game was going against me. Lukitch held the trumps.

"Just as you are a spy in the Emperor's household!" I retaliated.

The dart pierced home, and he scowled fiercely.

"Perhaps I may be allowed to introduce myself," and I threw off my wig and beard.

"Stepan Kerdrof!" broke from a dozen pair of lips.

"In the Emperor's service," I said, proudly, "and at yours."

Lukitch signed to them to seize me. I played my last card.

"I have here a whistle. Outside are forty of the Imperial Guard. The one will bring the other inside of a minute."

They wavered, but Lukitch, still standing with his back to the door, laughed a scornful laugh, and told them that I lied. Then I gave up the ghost, and five minutes later was lying caged like a wild beast, save that my hands and feet were bound.

II.

There is no torture like that of unwilling inactivity, when the soul would have what the body cannot give. God knows I tasted to the fullest all its pangs during those long hours when I lay, trussed like a fowl, in the room where they had locked me. From what I knew of Lukitch, I

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was certain that he would not have devised such a plot without first being assured of its possibility of success. I could picture to myself the scene in which the closing act of the drama was to take place: the long room, adorned with all the elegance of a simple taste; the table and the cards; the Emperor himself, magnificent and sad, seated opposite the portrait of his dead mother, and taking from it his inspirations. Then the drop-curtain fell, and rose again upon the Imperial bedroom. He who owned it sat upon a low sofa at the foot of the bed, holding a child's frock in his arms. It was a plain brown frock, such as a workman's child might well have worn, but he held it with a clasp of reverence and love. And it was this—this pathetic weakness in the character of the man, this homely picture, worthy of the painter's brush—that had been the inspiration of Lukitch's plot. He knew, as I did, that Alexander would sit for hours together with this one relic of his little daughter, whom death had torn from him all too soon; he knew how he loved and revered that plain brown frock, how he fondled and caressed it! He knew, also, how the Emperor grew depressed at the recollection of his mother, and flew to his child's memory as the only means of relief, and how, in the Emperor's eyes, his mother's protest against gambling was unalterably associated with cards. The whole scheme, I could see, had been worked out like a higher mathematical calculation, and I told myself they were devils, not men, who had done it. There, in that empty room, I cursed them, one and all—Lukitch, Winowski, Bonina, and the rest—yes, even she whom I had said was to be my wife. Then the fit changed, and I found myself offering excuses that she might not suffer. They had deceived her; they must not, they could not have her sympathy.

HE PEERED KEENLY INTO MY FACE.

"Stepan!"

The word fell on my ear like unto oil on troubled waters, for it was formed by the lips I had loved to kiss. In the torment of my thoughts I had heard neither the loosening of the bolts nor the sneck of the door as it closed behind her. My mind reverted to the gap that lay between us. "Have you come here to taunt me?" I said.

She smiled indulgently, and I saw her face was calm and sad. Then she spoke.

"My poor Stepan! I have come to set you free."

Free! A thrill of fierce delight ran through me. I might save him yet. I spoke to her roughly, so that she stooped and cut the bonds that held my stiffened

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limbs. All night and all day I had lain on those bare boards, and it was glorious to stand upright, to walk about, to feel something firm under my feet. I thought of her who had given me this pleasure, and of a sudden it came upon me what my freedom meant to her. The motive that had impelled her to come to me thus? Generosity? The word seemed weak and meaningless. It was sacrifice, I told myself—sacrifice on the altar of Love. I would not play the Abraham to her Isaac.

"My love," and I kissed her tenderly on the cheek, "give me back to my bonds. It were better that I should not go."

She spoke quickly. "*Da*, but you must, you shall go. The life of a good man depends upon your liberty."

"And the life of an infinitely better woman hangs on the other side of the scales. No, I have chosen. When I am free these Nihilists will kill you."

"Why not?" she queried sadly. "Better that than the living death amid the darkness of earthy prisons."

I shuddered. A chain of inaccessible mountains seemed to be hemming us in on every side. There was no hope of egress, no vision but captivity—or death. Then, as I looked ahead, I saw a path, narrow and tortuous, it is true, but which I said should lead us from the shadow into the sunlight.

"You are right," I told her gayly, "I will take my liberty. The Emperor shall neither know of this plot nor feel its sting. And you? You will leave these people?"

SHE STOOPED AND CUT THE BONDS.

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I SAW MY OPPORTUNITY, AND WALKED DOWN THE ROOM.

"I have left them in spirit ever since I have known you. I was young and wilful, and it amused me to skate on thin ice. When I met you I learned to see myself as I really was, but the revelation came too late to set me free. I deceived you because I feared your honor was stronger than your love, and I could not bear to lose you. The lesson has cost me dear, but it has been well taught."

I thanked her with my lips. The chiming of the hour reminded me of the necessity for action.

"Eight o'clock!" I said to myself. "I shall be in time for the final deal. *Nu*, friend Lukitch, the trumps are against you now."

* * * * * *

An hour later I entered the long room of the Winter Palace. The peasant had then given way to the soldier. A single candelabra shed a glitter of light, which

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illuminated the far end of the room. As I stood in the shade of the door I discovered myself analyzing the thoughts of the men who sat within its circle. The Emperor, silent and sad, just as I had pictured him; Winowski, Levin, and—Lukitch. My heart leapt within me. They had called Lukitch in to take my place; what if it had been unexpected, if the Bottle of Death remained uncorked? Even while I deliberated on this new possibility, a voice awoke the stillness. The Emperor was speaking.

"I can play no more," he said. "The cards seem to look up at me reprovingly with my mother's eyes."

"But the rubber, Sire?" Winowski ventured.

"May be finished some other time. I have to thank you, gentlemen, for your attendance, and to wish you all good-night."

He rose to go. I saw my opportunity, and, as they bowed before him, walked boldly down the room. Lukitch was so surprised that he arrested the motion of his head and stared at me with wide-opened eyes, while Winowski went to the other extreme, and, in the suddenness of his fright, prostrated himself upon the ground. The Emperor scowled as I pulled up before him and saluted.

"*Nu*, Mr. Truant," he said, "you come in like a dog to pick up the crumbs that are left from the feast. I gave you credit for a more precise punctuality."

"You do me wrong, Sire," I answered, calmly. "My absence has not been of my own choosing. I am here to explain it."

"The explanation could have waited," he cried, petulantly; "but since you are here, you will, perhaps, be good enough to inform us what may prove more pressing than the Imperial commands."

"That which concerns His Majesty's welfare."

"You speak in riddles, Monsieur Kerdrof."

"Listeners are so common that the habit is a useful one. My information is for His Majesty, the Emperor."

"Then why not proceed with it? These gentlemen have my confidence."

"A privilege which, if I may respectfully be allowed to suggest so, does not make them Emperors."

He smiled in spite of himself. "Since Monsieur Kerdrof is so persistent," he said, addressing those who had stood silent spectators of the scene, "you will have the goodness, gentlemen, to withdraw."

They bent low before him, and turned to go. The sound of my voice arrested them before they had crossed the threshold.

"I had neither the intention nor the wish to break up the party," I said. "Your Majesty is fatigued. You were about to retire when I entered your presence. My story may be told as well in one apartment as in the other."

"*Ach!* you are bold, monsieur. Have a care that you find not some precipice too wide to leap."

I felt myself on the brink now, and my breath came and went with the expectation of what was to be my fate. When he spoke again it was to tell me that I had conquered. A natural elation of triumph came over me. I longed to tell these men that they had lost the rubber, that the ace was up my sleeve.

I followed the Emperor down the lighted corridor, and so into the apartment in which he slept. My sense of smell at once furnished me with the clue. Lukitch had done his devilish work; the burden of the undoing was upon me, though I counted it but slight. The air was full of vapor that appeared to grip one by the throat, and tempt one to the sweetness of repose. I saw that I must act quickly, and, before I could move a finger, Fate was at my elbow making my task the easier.

"Kerdrof," the Emperor said quickly, "there is too much light for a tale of mystery. Besides, the glare of it hurts my eyes, and I have grown to love the shadows."

It was as though he had placed a weapon in my hands. The room was brilliantly

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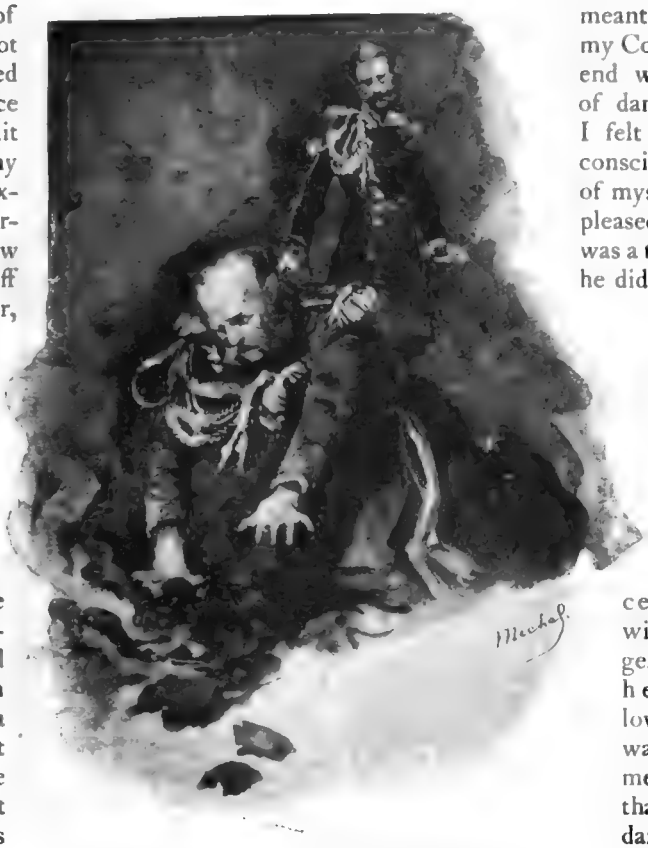
lit, and its many chandeliers flooded it with radiance. I sprang upon the sofa, on which the brown frock lay, to extinguish some candles that burned above; my foot slipped, and down I came, two of the lighted candles with me. In a flash the little brown frock was a mass of flames. It was all done with incredible swiftness, and I had found it easier to do than I had thought. By the cruel tongues of flame that shot up and scorched me, I saw at once that I must limit the results of my action to the execution of its purpose. I threw the burning stuff upon the floor, and stamped on it with a frenzied energy, so that soon the light was gone and the blackness of cinders was all that met the eye. The Emperor had watched through it all as in a trance; a faint cry, when the flames first broke forth, was the only sign of life he gave. Suddenly he realized it. Shall I ever forget that awakening? He threw himself on the ashes of the frock that he had come to regard almost as a part of himself, and sobbed as might the child who had worn it. Though my heart bled for the man, I was not insensible to the requirements of the situation, and, unordered, I opened the doors at both ends of the apartment. Quickly the smoke began to clear, and with it vanished the vapor of death that I had risked so much to rout. The cold, pure air poured in. Then the Emperor rose from his homage, and remembered my presence. As his eyes met mine he fell into an uncontrollable fury, and cursed me savagely, in the madness of his grief. His words seemed to fall on me like spent bullets; they stunned me, but they had no hurt, they left no wound. I realized that they meant dismissal, that my Court career must end with that night of danger; and still I felt no qualms of conscience. My tale of mystery, as he had pleased to term it, was a thing forgotten; he did not even think to ask himself the reason for my presence in his room. I had meant to tell him only a part of the truth, for I could reveal certain things without endangering the life of her whom I loved. Even this was to be spared me now, and I thanked God the danger was so much the less. I was about to retreat from that torrent of abuse the Emperor was pouring on my unprotected head when there came a sudden calm—more agonizing than the fury of the storm of words, it was so deadly. He took me simply by the hand, and his voice was filled with emotion.



HE THREW HIMSELF ON THE ASHES OF THE FROCK.

"Kerdrof," he said, "you must forget the words I have spoken. Your carelessness, despite its results, did not deserve them, and they could have no other justi-

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fication. But it is better that you should go from among us—for my sake and for your own. I could not see you without recalling this night's work, and the remembrance might bring about the death of either of us. Good-by, and may God rest with you."

I felt that he was right, and yet the knowledge overwhelmed me. I could not find tongue to thank him. I could only press my lips to the hand he held out to me, and walk like a man dazed from the room. It was in this state that I threaded the corridors of the palace, and passed through its doors for the last time. In the courtyard I had run into my friend, Petritsky, before I was aware of any one near me.

I PRESSED MY LIPS TO HIS HAND.

"*Diable!*" he cried; "one would think there was an object in Time. The clock is running fast to-night, if one must judge by people's haste. When I came up to the palace Winowski drove away in a *drozhky* as if he were late for a train, and, a few minutes later, Lukitch followed suit, swearing at the slowness of his horses. Now there's you. What's the trouble, Kerdrof?"

How I scorned them when he told me that the birds had flown! They had thought I came to betray their plot—fools, doubly fools, that they were! How little they knew of the mystery of love—of its power, its possibilities!

"The trouble, Petritsky?" I repeated, gayly. "There is no trouble. My life is an unruffled stream of happiness. I leave for England to-morrow night, and I shall not go alone. My wife will go with me. Perhaps you will come and see us off?"

I left him standing there in the helplessness of his amazement, and strode off into the night, toward the haven that sheltered my love.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The Emperor Alexander II. was passionately fond of his children. He lost his first daughter (the younger is now the Duchess of Edinburgh) when she was but a child, and, after her death, a plain cashmere frock that she had worn was always hung over the end of his bed. Whenever he played at cards—which was seldom—he invariably sat opposite a life-size portrait of his mother, who had instilled in him from childhood an inherent dread of gambling.

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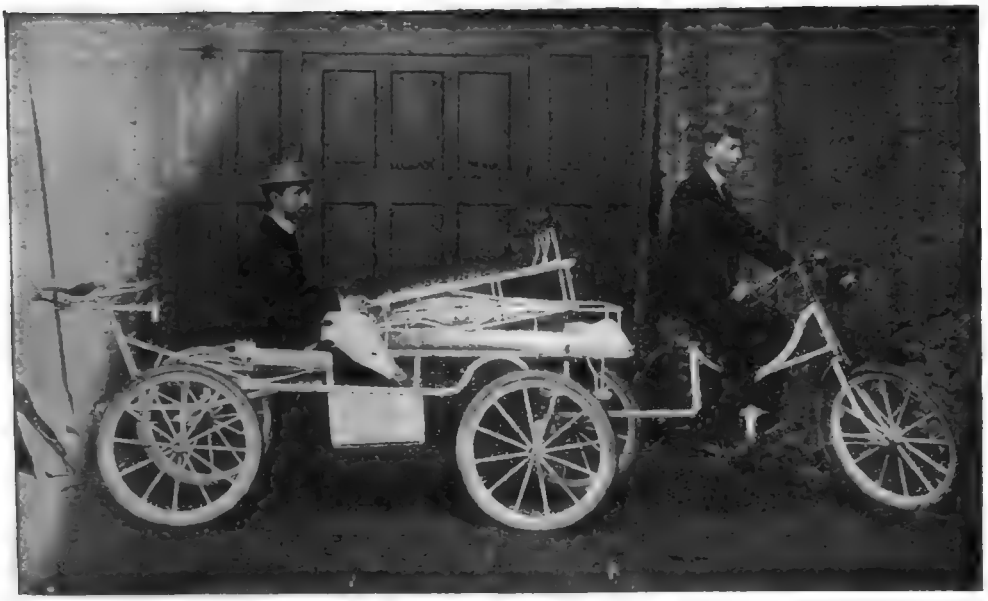

A BICYCLE AMBULANCE.

By A. S. Nathan.

Germany has led the way in the use of the bicycle ambulance in connection with the hospital work of large cities. The style of ambulance recently introduced in Berlin is shown in the accompanying photographs.

As can be imagined from a study of these pictures, this is the perfection of comfort for the injured person who is taken to the hospital from the city streets. Instead of being jolted over the uneven paving in a flying conveyance, the patient is carried in this new bicycle ambulance swiftly, smoothly, comfortably, and with a minimum of risk from the rough journey that has been found so trying to the injured man or woman, whose wounds are liable to open on the way to the ward unless smooth travelling is possible.

These ambulances can be brought to the scene of an accident in quicker time than the horse ambulance, for the reason that, should there be any block on the road, the light conveyance can take to the sidewalk and proceed without hindrance. In the event of the accident being of such a nature that a wagon could not get near to the spot where the injured are lying—such an accident, for instance, as the falling of a building or a railroad collision, the bicycle ambulance with its light construction can be either driven or lifted to the place where the patients are, and the distressing pain to the injured of a long trip to the wagon is thus avoided.

It is proposed to utilize these bicycle ambulances in Berlin in connection with a regular system of street patrol. One man can easily manage an ambulance, although some are constructed for two riders. An organized corps of medical riders will do the pedalling, and will have regular beats, so that immediately an injured person needs assistance a doctor will be on the spot to render first aid, and an ambulance at hand in case the injury is serious enough to need prompt removal of the patient to the hospital.

One of the great advantages of a bicycle

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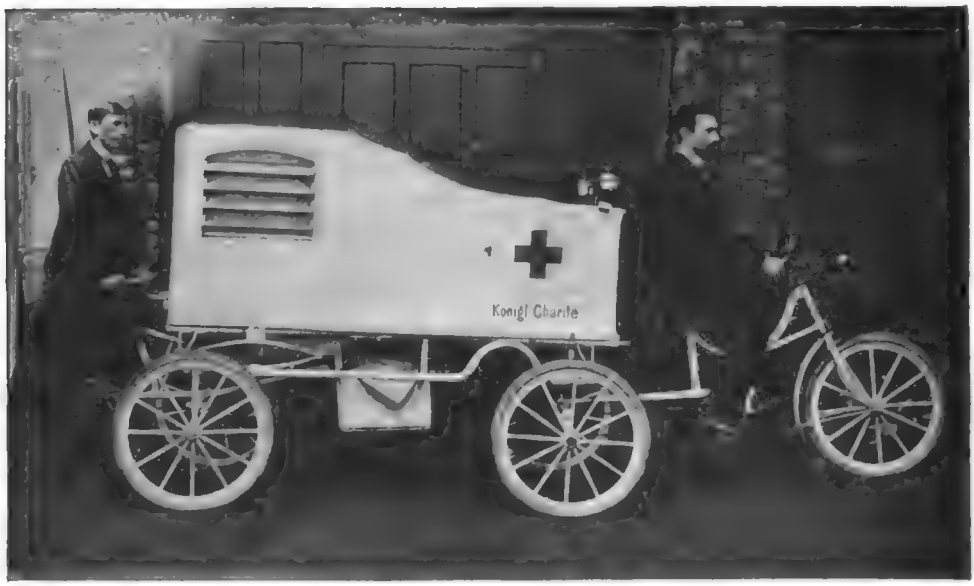
ambulance corps in connection with a large city, it is pointed out by the German medical men who have established the corps in Berlin, is that they render the best possible assistance at the least possible cost to the hospital. A bicycle does not need any outlay for its keep, as in the case of ambulance horses. When not in use the ambulance can be stored away in a very small space. It requires no more attention than an ordinary bicycle; that is, no more than a few hours' work a week to care for as many ambulances as a well-regulated hospital will support. There is no occasion to lose time getting it ready when a call comes. The bicycle ambulance is always standing where it is wanted. When a call is sent in, the doctor springs into the saddle and darts off in the direction of the accident, returning in an incredibly short time with the injured person.



At home we would welcome the introduction of this system. New York has already the finest ambulance service in the world, but it is not to be denied that further improvements could be made. It is the boast of many metropolitan hospitals that they can turn out their ambulance wagons with a speed that rivals the work of the Fire Department.

The wagons are always in readiness, the horses are released automatically at the sound of an alarm, and, day or night, the drivers pride themselves that they can reach the street in one minute.

Precautions are also taken that there shall be no delay in summoning the attending surgeon.

The hall porter keeps before him a little memorandum giving the names of the doctors who will go out with the first, the second, and the third calls. When the alarm rings, the porter telephones to every department of the building, summoning the doctor on duty. There is, therefore, little occasion for delay. Moreover, once in the street, the ambulance has the right of way over all traffic, with the exception of the mail-wagons and fire-engines.

But notwithstanding the excellence of the prevailing methods, the introduction of the bicycle ambulance will be looked forward to with interest. In Germany the new conveyance is to be adopted for army purposes, and now that our own War Department is devoting more attention to the improvement of its bicycle corps, it is not unlikely that a similar course may ultimately be followed in this country.

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LADY MEERSCHAUM.

Ah, love, how dear that day we
met,
When first your charms proved
my undoing,
I vow to-day you're fairer yet,
Nor unresponsive to my wooing!

Your skin was whiter than the snow—
The flames of love have tanned
thee finely,
It would have been a bitter blow,
Had you not colored so divinely.

And though you cannot speak, I vow
You're full of quiet, deep affection.
And when I mourn, to you I owe
The banish ment of all de-
jection.

PHILIP HEMERY.

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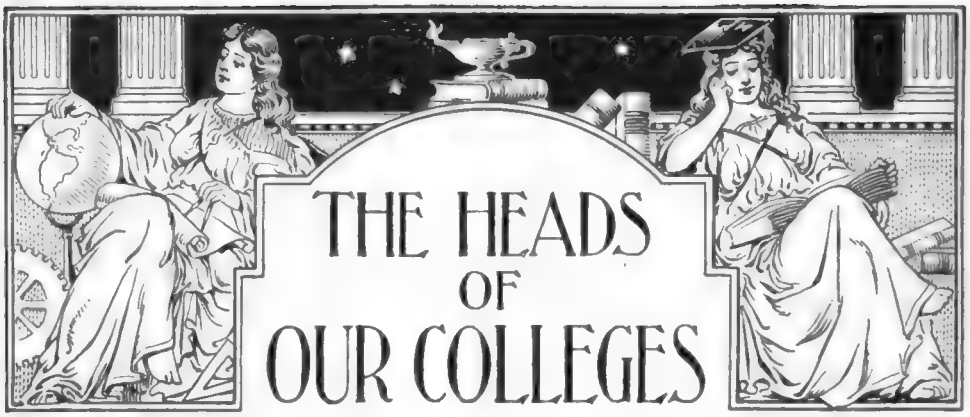

THE HEADS OF OUR COLLEGES

By James Metcalfe, M.A.

The old type of college president—men like Woolsey, Nott, Hopkins, and Porter—is rapidly becoming extinct, at least so far as the larger colleges are concerned. The college president of other days was primarily a scholar, and a leading exponent of the religion which was the official dogma of the institution over whose destinies in an educational and religious way he watched. The smallness of the number of students enabled him to stand, also, in a sort of parental relation to them, and he took an active part in matters of discipline, in religious training, and in the actual instruction of the youths under his charge.

With the growth of the United States in wealth and population, there has come a corresponding and even greater proportionate growth in the leading colleges. They have grown tremendously in their possessions, in the extent of their teaching, and in their number of students. What in the earlier days were only colleges, under a single faculty, and with a course of study extending not much further than that prescribed in the high schools of to-day, have become great universities with numerous faculties, and carrying their instruction to the highest point in every department of human knowledge and speculative science.

It is evident that to be the head of such an institution calls for vastly different qualifications from those sufficient in the days of small things, when the colleges were conducted, in a way, on a family basis. In the leading universities what were formerly considered the most important functions of the presidency have been separated from the office and divided among other officers of the institution. Where religious instruction is still regarded as important, it is entrusted to the college pastor; the personal relation with the student, including discipline and the countless questions arising from the relation of the student as an individual to the university as an institution, are placed in the hands of a dean and proctors or tutors; in the matter of actual teaching, the modern college president can, on account of the multiplicity of his duties that cannot be delegated to others, take little or no part.

The college president of to-day must be first of all an administrator, and possess to a considerable degree that vague but effective quality known as executive ability. He must know men, and have an acquaintance with the practical side of life, for he is the visible head of his institution in its contact with the outside world. He must be a scholar, that he may correctly estimate the scholarship of his associates. Such men are not easy to be found, and the rewards the commercial world offers them are so much greater than the colleges can afford, that to lose its president is to-day a severe misfortune for a university.

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A. T. HADLEY, PRESIDENT YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN.

Number of students, 2,511. Total income, $771,000. College cheer: "Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Yale!"

CHARLES W. ELIOT, LL.D., PRES. HARVARD UNIV., CAMBRIDGE.

Number of students, 3,901. Total income, $1,586,885. College cheer: "Rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Harvard!"

F. L. PATTON, D D., LL.D., PRESIDENT PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

Number of students, 1,099. College cheer: "Hooray, Hooray, Hooray, Tiger-Sis-Boom-ah! Princeton!"

SETH LOW, LL.D., PRESIDENT COLUMBIA UNIV., NEW YORK.

Number of students, 2,461. Total income, $780,339. College cheer: "H'ray! h'ray! h'ray! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!"

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CHARLES C. HARRISON, LL.D., PRESIDENT UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

...ber of students, 2,700. Total incom... $970,000. College ...eer: "Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!"... ray! H'ray! H'ray!... Hoo-rah! Penn-syl-va-ni-ah! ...Penn-syl-va-ni-a!"

J. GOULD SCHURMAN, D.SC., LL.D., PRESIDENT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

Number of students, 1,835. Total income, $630,280. College cheer: "Cornell! Yell! Yell! Yell! Cornell!"

B. L. WHITMAN, D.D., PRESIDENT COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON.

Number of students, 1,093. Total income, $62,041. College cheer: "Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a-n!"

ANDREW S. DRAPER, LL.D., PRESIDENT UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

Number of students, 1,750. Total income, $354,982. College cheer: "Rah-hoo-rah, zip boom ah! Hip-zoo, rah-zoo, Jimmy, blow your bazoo! Ipsidi-iki, U. of I., Champaign!"

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CYRUS NORTHRUP, LL.D., PRESIDENT UNIV. OF MINNESOTA.

Number of students, 3,010. Total income, $351,749. College cheer: "Rah, rah, rah, Shi-u-mah—Varsity, Varsity, Minne-so-ta!"

GEORGE E. MACLEAN, CHANCELLOR UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

Number of students, 2,000. Total income, $287,000. College cheer: "U, U, U, Ni-ver-ver-ver-sit-y-in Ne-bras-ki-oh my!"

JAMES B. ANGELL, LL.D., PRESIDENT UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Number of students, 3,229. Total income, $541,672. College cheer: "U. of M. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hōo-ráh! Hōo-ráh! Michigan! Michigan! ráh! ráh! ráh!"

DAVID STARR JORDAN, LL.D., PRESIDENT LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY.

Number of students, 1,225. Total income, $100,000. College cheer: "Rah! Rah! Rah! (three times) Stanford!"

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ALEXANDER STEWART WEBB, LI.D , PRESIDENT COLLEGE OF CITY OF NEW YORK.

Number of students, 1,007. Total income, $177,007. College cry: "Rah! Rah! Rah! C. C. N. Y.!"

F. H. SNOW, PH.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS.

Number of students, 1,100. Total income, $152,000. College cheer: "Rock-chalk-Jay-Hawk, K. U.!"

A. H. FETTEROLF, PH.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT GIRARD COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA.

Number of students, 1,538. Total income, $1,665,339.

C. K. ADAMS, LL.D., PRESIDENT UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

Number of students, 1,890. Total income, $400,000. College cheer: "U-Rah-Rah-Wis-con-sin!" repeated three times, with a Tiger.

(*To be continued.*)

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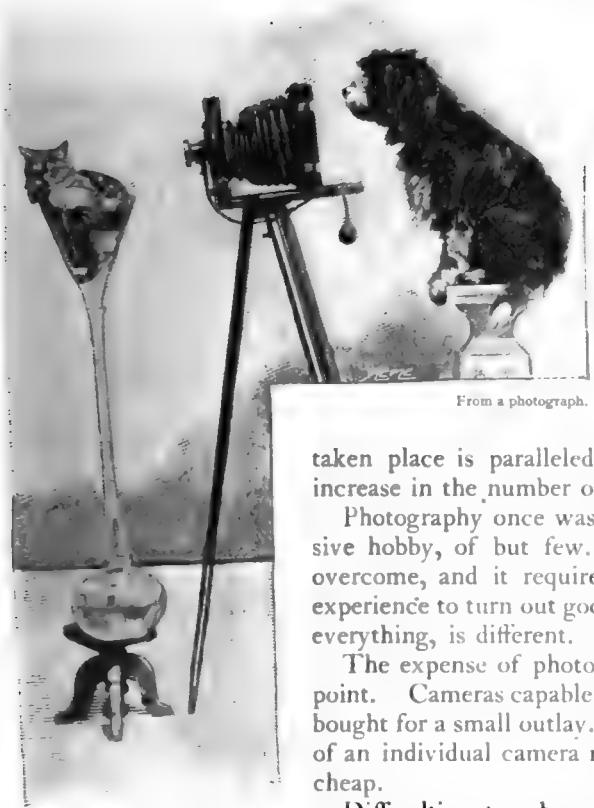
THE ART OF THE CAMERA.

By Roderick Grey.



From a photograph.

"KOW, KITTY, LOOK PLEASANT."

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

It has often struck me how little real use people make of their cameras. By use I frankly admit that I mean how frequently people who would like to earn some pocket-money fail to take advantage of a means right at their hands.

The marvellous spread of photography which has of late years taken place is paralleled, curiously enough, by the wonderful increase in the number of illustrated magazines.

Photography once was a hobby, and a comparatively expensive hobby, of but few. All manner of difficulties had to be overcome, and it required considerable skill and considerable experience to turn out good work. Now everything, or almost everything, is different.

The expense of photography can be reduced to a very low point. Cameras capable of producing excellent pictures can be bought for a small outlay. The plates or the films—as the type of an individual camera may chance to be—are extraordinarily cheap.

Difficulties, too, have melted. "Press the button, and we will do the rest," a certain firm delights to advertise. In a sense its boast is accurate. Press the button or touch a spring at the right moment and at the right subject, and in due course a wonderfully good photograph can be exhibited by you as your very own.

The photographer—and, of course, I am directing my remarks entirely to amateurs—who takes a real and true interest in his hobby will not be content merely to press a button and allow any one to do the rest. The difficulties of a dark room only exist for him to overcome. They are the essence of his pleasure. The photograph he exhibits is his in every sense, for he has exposed the plate or film, has developed it, has printed the picture, and has toned and fixed it. Every phase in the series of processes may call for the exercise of his skill, and an expert at a glance can gauge that skill.

The aim of such photographers is, as a rule, to turn out a photograph which is a picture that has in the choice of subject, the treatment of the subject, and in its composition and lighting, all the essentials of an excellent painting.

Far be it from me to decry such endeavor. It should be the chief aim of any one and every one who possesses a camera. Only—and herein I lay aside all question of art in favor of utility—there is quite another class of work to which an amateur may, with considerable profit to himself, pay a little attention.

MAGAZINES AND THE CAMERA.

The fact of the matter is that the advent of the illustrated magazine has furnished the amateur photographer with a splendid market for his triumphs. Yet, as

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I have already remarked, how few people really recognize this, or, if they do recognize it, how wofully few take the trouble to consider what class of photography magazine editors chiefly require.

I can speak with some authority on this, for I have had the opportunity of seeing a good deal of photography from behind "the editor's chair." I know the class of photographs he gets, and I know what he wants. Alas! I know how different the two are.

The magazine editor sets no limit on the excellence of the photographs he gets. The better they are the better he is pleased. But photographs which are beautiful examples, whether of landscape or of life studies, have for him their limits of utility.

But there is another class of photography that magazine editors are ever on the lookout for, which will bring the fortunate photographer more remuneration than any life study.

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

TINKER, TAILOR, SOLDIER, SAILOR!

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

MAGAZINES are overwhelmed with fiction—good, bad, and indifferent. They are bombarded, too, with ideas—all sorts and conditions of ideas—for articles, the majority of which are impossible, either because of their lack of interest or originality, or because of the difficulty of illustrating them. What editors want, and what they have endless trouble in getting, is a series of photographs illustrating in themselves a subject suitable for an article.

I am almost tempted to say that the article is of secondary importance. Really and truly it is. Given a set of photographs, an editor will know half a dozen competent authorities who can write him an article on the subject of the photographs. But given the article, he may find immense difficulty in obtaining the photographs.

Here, then, is surely a splendid field. Works of art in the sense of excellent composition and so on are not asked for. All that is wanted is that each photograph of the series should be sharp and distinct, so that it can be easily reproduced in print. Half-developed, under-exposed, partially fogged negatives are utterly useless; and in this respect the editor demands the exercise of some skill on the part of the photographer. They must be clear and plain, with as sharp contrasts of light and shade as possible.

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Photo by J. Lee Syms.

"I WANTS TO SEE THE WHEELS GO WOUND!"

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Photo by Photochrome Co.

THE VILLAGE STEPPING-STONES.

The one great point, apart from the photographs being properly taken, is that they should form a complete and interesting series.

Let me explain myself. Armed with an excellent hand camera a traveller reaches—what shall I say ?—the Sandwich Islands, for the sake of argument. Generally he—or it may be a lady—goes over the usual tourist tracks, and takes a number of pictures, the subject of every one of which is to be found at the principal photograph shops. There are small groups of natives doing nothing in particular. One or two pictures are of huts. The vegetation and the graceful foliage comprise a few more efforts. A public building or two, and a waterfall, and, of course, the steamer he is travelling by, finish up the batch of films the tourist has—wasted.

It amounts to this, from the point of view of trying subsequently to dispose of them. No editor wants them. They illustrate nothing in particular so far as the habits of the natives are concerned, and the general public has a most limited relish for views merely of scenery or huts or buildings.

They may serve excellently to refresh the traveller's mind and recall the various spots he has visited. Here and there there may be an interesting or curious picture. But, viewed as a whole, the collection is nothing more than a quantity of disconnected snapshots.

If he is a rich man our photographic traveller will have the set handsomely framed. Under such circumstances they may be ornamental, but there is only a remote probability of their being useful.

I know the sort of pictures they are. You see one of some peculiar custom and perhaps another, and, just when you are interested and would like to see more on the same subject, it is changed to a bullock wagon or banana tree that might be anything or anywhere.

THE PROPER METHOD.

THE more wary traveller, who wishes to reap some substantial pecuniary benefit from the camera he carries, sets about his work in a very different style.

He makes his pictures tell connected

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Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

"IN A CONTEMPLATIVE FASHION."

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Photo by Lafayette.

ONE OF THE CLASSES.

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and interesting narratives in sets or series, say, of six in number.

He is aware of a curious custom, or he observes one, and he proceeds to photograph that one custom in its different stages. It may result in a set of pictures which illustrate articles that would be entitled "How the Hawaiians Bury Their Dead," or "A Native Wedding in the Sandwich Islands," or "How the Aborigines Cook Their Food."

I am only hazarding subjects haphazard, in order to make myself understood, and it does not follow that the articles I have instanced would be of any interest to anybody. They are merely given as examples.

They illustrate what I mean, for a very little reflection on the part of any one who reads any of the illustrated magazines must convince him of the wisdom of what I am suggesting.

What it amounts to is "don't generalize." It is a bad practice at any time. It is a bad practice with a camera.

Of course I may be treading on the toes of those who have no other thought for their cameras but love of photography. As I have said, I am not addressing them. But if you want to earn something, and something substantial, too, set about the affair after the manner of our imaginary traveller.

Now let it be thoroughly understood that what applies to our touring friend applies equally well at home in America.

There is any quantity of good subjects upon which articles can be, will be, and probably are being written, with illustrations taken from photographs. A glance at the various magazines will demonstrate this.

The success of the photographer lies, of course, in so selecting the subject of each photograph that it is interesting, and, moreover, helps the reader to appreciate

Photo by F. Foulsham.

SOME OF THE MASSES.

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the text of the article. The idea for the article, in the first place, is quite another matter. That may come as a flash of genius, or an inspiration; or it may be suggested by some individual or some incident. I am only discussing the cooking of the hare after it has been caught.

Finally, there is one other little wrinkle I am willing to give any enterprising possessor of a camera. No editor will accept a "faked" photograph—that is to say, one which simply makes the camera lie. If a picture purports to represent a specific incident, such as a snapshot of the President in his private grounds, while in reality it is not the President, then a distinct fraud is being perpetrated on the public.

If, however, a photographer wishes to illustrate a peculiar custom, for instance, and finds it impossible to get proper photographs during the actual ceremony, it is quite open to him afterward to arrange special sittings, as it were. What he wants are pictures which illustrate the peculiarity of the custom, and his getting the actual people to go through the performance for the purpose of being photographed is perfectly legitimate, and indeed is often the only way in which the article could be illustrated photographically.

As regards the prices which editors are prepared to pay for photographs, it is difficult to speak very definitely. One may say that from two to five dollars a print is the amount usually offered, although, under special circumstances, much higher sums may be obtained.

During the Spanish-American war as much as twenty and even fifty dollars was paid for single photographs from the front, nor did this amount give the exclusive right of publication. Those who have special facilities for obtaining photographs of great news value may hope to reap the special rewards which this kind of work affords. When men come into sudden prominence, as the owners of the competing yachts in the International Cup race have done during the past few months, and when these men happen at the same time to be of that class which has no special desire for publicity and cannot easily be approached, then editors are willing to pay really large sums for characteristic photographs.

However, it is perhaps in the advertising pages, where it might not be expected, that the brainy photographer discovers his most remunerative field. When illustrated advertisements first came into vogue, it was the almost universal habit to idealize the objects of which reproductions were made. To attract was the object; to be lifelike was a secondary consideration. Perhaps the most amusing lengths to which this idealizing was ever carried was in connection with the fashion plates in the ladies' papers, and, indeed, up to the present day no costumer has had the temerity to publish photographs of living models arrayed in the gowns that it is his object to popularize. However, if the perfect model falls short of the ideal feminine form, and if the gown cannot be shown to best advantage unless it be worn, this is not true of all articles of apparel. Take, for instance, the shoe. A good photograph of a shoe can be reproduced more attractively than the best sketch by an artist. Small opening here, the amateur photographer may think, for any special display of genius, since the shoe is such a simple object to photograph. In this he is quite wrong. It takes long experience and great skill to be able to pose a shoe. There is no happy expression to be caught, to which all minor details may be subjected, as is the case with human portraits, but every point has to be brought out with infinite care: the stitching, the toe capping, even the grain of the leather. And so it is with thousands of other articles besides wearing apparel.

A man with originality and patience, who can approach the big advertisers with striking photographs suited to the proper presentation of their business to the public, may hope to obtain an income from this source alone that may ultimately lead him to adopt the work as a profession.

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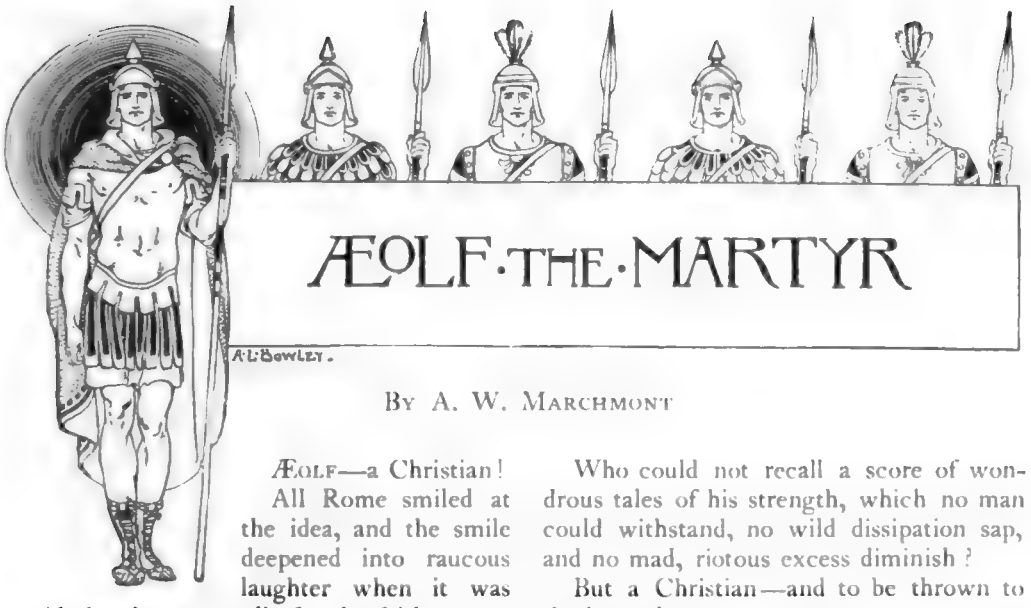

ÆOLF·THE·MARTYR

A. L. Bowley.

By A. W. Marchmont

Æolf—a Christian!

All Rome smiled at the idea, and the smile deepened into raucous laughter when it was said that he was to die for the faith.

Not that the man feared death. He had faced it smiling, a hundred times, in the arena, from the moment when the gaping crowd had thronged the Appian Way to mark the triumph of Aucanius Mistor, and had greeted with long-tongued admiration the captive Briton's towering form as he strode along behind the victorious general's car, his mighty limbs wearing, like so many tinkling baubles, the heavy fetters that clanked on his bulging arms and decked his massive legs.

Who could not recall a score of wondrous tales of his strength, which no man could withstand, no wild dissipation sap, and no mad, riotous excess diminish?

But a Christian—and to be thrown to the beasts!

Yet it was true—true as truth or love; and, indeed, because of both. For it was the work of the Christian witch, Dorcas.

He was not to die for the lack of the chance of being allowed to live for ever.

Even on the very eve of the day he was to die every temptation that a cunning prefect's subtlety could devise had been tried for his weakening.

He was alone in his dungeon, loaded with chains, when soldiers came and struck them off, leading him to a room where all was light, brilliance, and

HE SEIZED HER BY THE ARM.

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luxury, and his old companions revelled and feasted. Brave comrades thronged around him, pressing him to give up his mad craze and join again in the glorious life ever open to the strong men of Rome.

Of all he was as heedless as of the dead. To love or sneer, to caress or jibe, wrath or entreaty, he held the same attitude of unshakable indifference.

Once only was he moved. They brought in Dorcas; and Vulpia, the most beautiful, the most vicious, and the most jealous of all the women present, sneered blasphemously at them both.

Then Æolf saw Dorcas shrink and cower as if struck.

AWAITING THE SIGNAL FOR THE BUTCHERY TO BEGIN.

He leapt to his feet; and the flowers were scattered and trodden by the girls, who fled laughing, but frightened, from the blaze of rage in his face. All but Vulpia, who stood sneering and insolent, as she glanced from one to the other.

He seized her by the arm, gripping it in his anger till the delicate bones were like to crack beneath the pressure.

"Peace, girl," he said between his teeth, "a pinch of my finger on your throat will stop your tongue for ever."

She screamed with pain and baffled wrath, for she had loved him in her way.

"Coward!" she cried; then to the men around she called: "Is every one of you cowed by a woman-beater?"

Two of the brawniest came running forward at the cry.

"Hands off, Æolf," cried one.

The Briton's eyes flashed fire, and, rejoicing to have something on which to vent his rage, he turned on them and smote one with clenched fist with all his force. The man went down and lay senseless as a log. The scent of fight roused the animal in Æolf, and he turned to the second.

"Æolf!" A thin, white hand was laid on his quivering arm, and the Christian girl's eyes sought his face.

At the touch and the look he changed, and stood like a stricken child.

But the sight of this influence maddened

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Vulpia, and going swiftly to Dorcas she struck the girl twice in the face.

"Bah, thou Christian cat, that makest coward thy burly lover!"

Æolf, mad at the sight of the blow, made as if to throw or thrust the angry woman aside.

"It is but till to-morrow, Æolf," said the girl, in her sweet, cool voice. "There is no pain in this now that I know thou art steadfast."

"Steadfast," began Vulpia again, with a loud, mocking laugh; but the others closed round her then, and for their old comrade's sake forced her to be silent; and the two were left apart together and the revels were hushed until Æolf and Dorcas had been taken back to their dungeons.

"DEATH IS BUT A PUNY THING, DORCAS, AFTER ALL," HE SAID.

They did not meet again till the next day, when the victims of the day's carnival of slaughter were huddled together awaiting the signal for the butchery in the arena to begin.

By then a painful change had been wrought in Dorcas. Fear of the wild beasts had broken her. Their staring eyeballs, gaping, blood-flecked jaws, and cruel, gleaming fangs grinned at her from every corner of her cell. She seemed even to feel their hot breath as they crouched in readiness for their spring. Memory brought back the horrors she had been forced to witness when others of the faith had died; and out of the awful blackness came echoes of the gasps and screams of pain and terror which the moment of attack had wrung from even the staunchest.

All through the hanging hours of the terrible vigil her senses were harrowed by these terrors till the nerves, overtaxed, gave way.

Her fear was not of death, but of the manner of compassing it; and as she and Æolf knelt apart from the others in the ante-chamber of slaughter, she faltered out this confession to him.

Just as she finished, the noise of the raging beasts was borne in upon her ears. The girl shrank and shuddered as she clung to her companion to stay her from falling to the ground; her face was gray and seamed with lines of terror; the sweat stood in cold beads on her forehead.

"Pray for me, Æolf, pray for me; pray for me to have strength," she cried, through her chattering teeth, as she clutched him, and moved her vivid lips in swift, soundless prayer.

"Death is but a puny thing, Dorcas, after all," he said.

"It is not death I fear, but the dying, Æolf. The beasts, the beasts!" she answered, and cowered close to him, as the roar of the brutes came in. "God help me to be strong. Christ help me. Pray for me, Æolf. Pray for me."

"Not death, but the dying," repeated the man to himself, under his breath, and slowly, for the words had started a thought.

Then he set to praying as though fervently; but to save her by human means from the torture she dreaded was more in his thoughts than the idea of any help from Heaven.

Vulpia's scorching scorn had indeed gone near the truth.

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He was to die for the faith, indeed; but his own faith was shallow enough. His god was the shivering, timorsome, beautiful girl by his side; and his faith, the love he bore her. It had pleased her to make him a Christian; and Christian he would be to death, since to turn back would but grieve her.

That such a fragile thing as the girl by his side should have such horror of the beasts was natural enough; but he would have thought better of the God she worshipped so fervently if He had given her an end more suited to the dainty slightness of her strength. Save her life he could not. No power in Rome could do that but the Emperor, and the Emperor was stone. Yet he had a plan.

"I can save you from the beasts, Dorcas," he said.

"You!" and her face shone for a moment with the light of wistful hope.

"I cannot save you from death, dear."

"It is not death I fear, but the beasts."

"I can save you from them."

"By what means?"

"I cannot say," he returned; but then, seeing the light of her eyes fade, he thought a moment and—lied.

"I won the right to save one victim each year, when I overthrew the big Greek, Clytos, in the games a year ago."

It did not occur to her to doubt the truth of this, and he rose and crossed to one of the guards, who had been a close comrade, and spoke earnestly. When he returned his manner showed no hesitancy.

"It is well, Dorcas," he said simply. "You must go with the rest into the arena, but then all will be well."

Under the assurance the girl grew calm, and soon could rise and move about among the rest, exhorting them and soothing their fears.

When the signal came that the butchery was to commence he drew her to his side.

"We two are to go last," he said.

HE ROSE AND CROSSED TO ONE OF THE GUARDS.

As they passed between the lines of soldiers along the dim corridor, at the end of which, through the narrow gate, she could see a part of the huge sea of eager, expectant faces, and hear the hisses and howls of execration which greeted the appearance of the first victim, she trembled for an instant and closed her eyes. But Æolf took her hand.

"Your death will be easy, love," he whispered; and at the assurance she lifted her lids and smiled, and then went out.

The gate they passed through was fashioned of heavy iron bars, and, standing next to it, and last in the line of guards, was the soldier to whom Æolf had spoken.

As he neared the gate Æolf lingered a

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SHE LIFTED HER HANDS IN PRAYER.

pace or two, letting Dorcas get first into the arena. Then with a swift sudden movement he sprang upon the soldier, who made only a faint resistance, wrenched the short sword from him, and, springing through the door, closed it with almost superhuman strength.

A cry of surprise, starting in a shout from the soldiers, spread like a fire all round the vast concourse of people, and the shouts deepened into a roar of wonder and expectation when it was seen that the gladiator, whom all Rome had come to see die, had armed himself and held the gate against the soldiers. Then the guards at the other side, mistaking the signals, opened the dens and let the beasts into the arena.

Æolf saw this, too, and left the gate

"Come now, if you dare," he cried to the guard with a bitter smile.

He hurried to Dorcas, who was stand-

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ing shuddering in dismay and panic, as the beasts, with snarling stealth, began to close on their victims. Every man and woman of the pent thousands had marked his act and waited in eagerness to see what he would do.

Did he mean to fight the beasts? Were they to have a combat between the strongest gladiator in all Rome and these ravening brutes, already crouched to sate their starvation-spurred hunger on the beggarly Christians? Or had he turned craven when it came to death?

He was not long in showing what he meant. His one thought was for Dorcas.

"You are not to look at the beasts, Dorcas. I am to guard you from them; but your hour has come, child, though how you die you will not see. It will be painless death. Quick, kiss me once."

She put up her face, and for an instant his towering head bent over her from behind, and his lips rested on hers, while all the world and all eternity were alike for that instant and in that only kiss forgotten.

"Now turn your face to the Emperor and pray your last prayer. It must be short. Quick. I am between you and the beasts, love."

She turned her head to the Emperor's seat, sank on her knees, and, closing her eyes, lifted her hands in prayer. Æolf glanced round uneasily and saw the beasts were close upon them.

Then he turned again to her, and the next instant, with a swift stab, drove the sword right through her heart, with so true an aim that she rolled forward without a moan, dead.

At the sight of this a terrific shout went up from the multitude, while the scent of the blood drove the beasts to a frenzy.

He had saved the girl from them in his own barbarian fashion.

Then, that not a man should call him craven, he tossed the soldier's sword far from him and stood firm with folded arms, till, with a loud roar, a huge lion sprang upon him, giving the signal for the general carnage, and pulled him down.

So died Æolf, the martyr, for the faith that was never in him.

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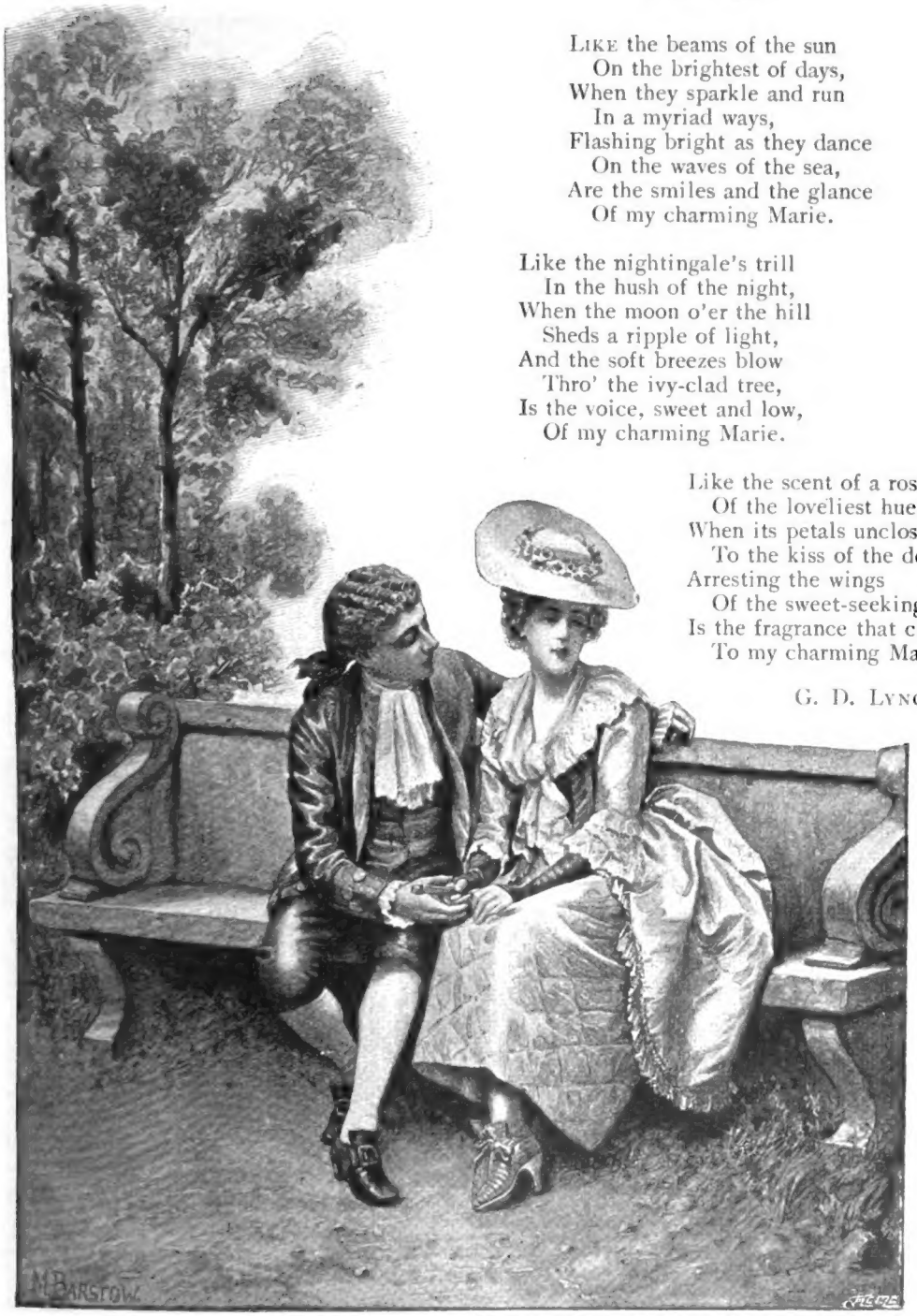
THE CHARMING MARIE.



LIKE the beams of the sun
On the brightest of days,
When they sparkle and run
In a myriad ways,
Flashing bright as they dance
On the waves of the sea,
Are the smiles and the glance
Of my charming Marie.

Like the nightingale's trill
In the hush of the night,
When the moon o'er the hill
Sheds a ripple of light,
And the soft breezes blow
Thro' the ivy-clad tree,
Is the voice, sweet and low,
Of my charming Marie.

Like the scent of a rose
Of the loveliest hue,
When its petals unclose
To the kiss of the dew,
Arresting the wings
Of the sweet-seeking bee,
Is the fragrance that clings
To my charming Marie.

G. D. LYNCH.

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POPULAR BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

A CAREFUL canvass of the leading booksellers results in the compilation of the following list of books that have proved themselves most popular during the summer season, as judged by the number of copies sold:

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHERS
David Harum,	Edward Noyes Westcott	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
When Knighthood Was in Flower,	Edward Caskoden	(Bowen, Merrill & Co., $1.50).
The Market Place,	Harold Frederic	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50).
Mr. Dooley in Peace and War,	F. P. Dunne	(Small, Maynard & Co., $1.25).
Richard Carvel,	Winston Churchill	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Concerning Isabel Carnaby,	Ellen T. Fowler	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.00).
A Double Thread,	Ellen T. Fowler	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
From Sea to Sea (2 vols.),	Rudyard Kipling	(Doubleday & McClure, $2.00).
The Cruise of the Cachalot,	Frank T. Bullen	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
Black Douglas,	S. R. Crockett	(Doubleday & McClure, $1.50).
No. 5 John Street,	R. Whiteing	(The Century Co., $1.50).
Red Rock,	Thomas Nelson Page	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
Aylwin,	Watts-Dunton	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.25).
The Day's Work,	Rudyard Kipling	(Doubleday & McClure, $1.50).
Prisoners of Hope,	Mary Johnston	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50).
The Short Line War,	Merwin-Webster	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Strong Hearts,	Geo. W. Cable	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.25).
An Incident and Other Happenings,	Sarah Barnwell Elliott	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
The River Syndicate,	Chas. E. Carryl	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
Children of the Mist,	E. Phillpot	(G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50).
Cromwell's Own,	Arthur Patterson	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
Idyls of the Sea,	Frank T. Bullen	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
Snow on the Headlight,	Cy Warman	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.25).
That Fortune,	Charles Dudley Warner	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
A Short History of the United States,	Justin H. McCarthy	(Herbert S. Stone & Co., $1.50).
Wild Animals I Have Known,	E. Seton Thompson	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00).
The Fowler,	Beatrice Harraden	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
The Open Question,	Elizabeth Robbins (C. E. Raimond)	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).

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